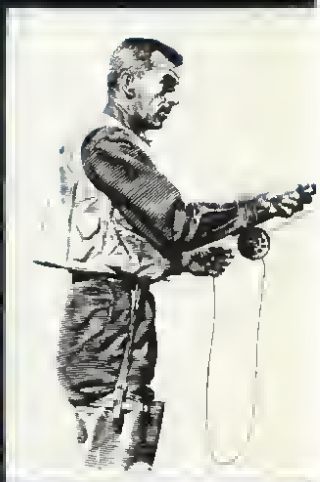
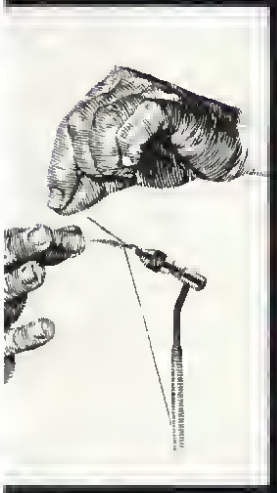
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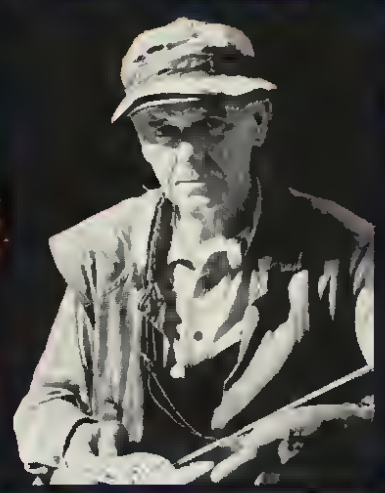








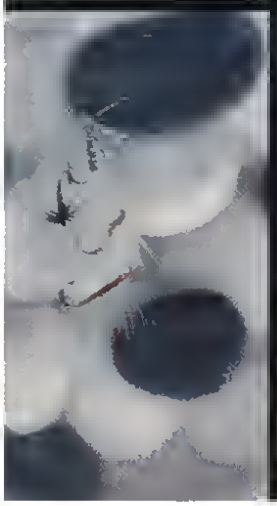


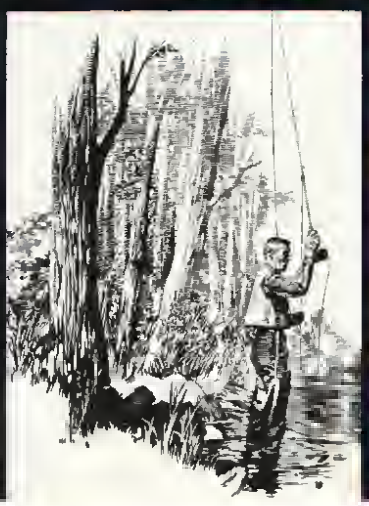


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The many facets of an angler's art are presented in a memorable series on the art of fishing with the wet fly as it was practiced and perfected by the late James Leisenring.

Next week



▶ Artist Daniel Schwartz has captured the feeling and the tenseness of the prestige-laden Masters. In color, a portfolio of the golf course and the men who play in the tournament.

▶ From Sebring, Fla., Alfred Wright reports on America's foremost sports car race—a 12-hour test of skill and endurance for many of the best cars and drivers in the world.

▶ In the second part of his survey of conservation in the U.S., Henry Romney presents the detailed and exclusive story of one state's practical plan for social conservation

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9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Romilie, Wanting You*



11. Miller styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley, *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes*



17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose*



19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor*, etc.



21. Cha cobas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 more.



23. Cha cha versions of top Latin tunes *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Poet-au Pleasure*, others.



24. 12 pop favorites and light classics *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Dione, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine*, more.



26. Ia MacKenzie sings 12 ballads *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango*



27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed trio plus strings *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby*, 9 more.



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront*



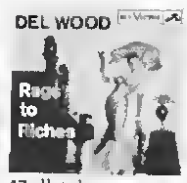
40 Wacky banjo pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh getters.



41 Laugh around Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi



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69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There I've Said It Again, Riders in the Sky, Racing with the Moon, Ballerina*, etc



70. 14 thrillingly hi fi marches by Britain's finest regimental band. *The Thin Red Line, Fame and Glory, Sospo*, lots more.



73. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Teddy, My Hero, Where or When, Street of Dreams, Penthouse Serenade*, etc.



74 12 shimmering waltzes *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*



90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, I'Attendrai, Shine*, etc



94. *Bluebird of Happiness, Because, Around the World, I Believe, Granada, September Song, Without a Song*, others



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200 Smoothly arranged swingers include *Linda, St. Louis Blues, I've Got You Under My Skin, Donkey Serenade.*



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202. Soundtrack record-ing from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio*, Schubert's *Ave Maria*

up-to-date list of RCA VICTOR best-sellers

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7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers



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12. *Jalousie* and other Pops Stoppers, recut *Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, España Rhapsody*, others.



13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.



14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc



15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut*



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family) *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.



29. Big band, 1st beat 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king *Margie, Sleepy Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*



30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a some treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.



33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade singa *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*



35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime*, more.



36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons*



48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmith Suite, Annals, of Cawrse*, more.



50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



82. Mighty pipe organ sounds, colors, plus 24 favorites by Gershwin, Friml, Youmans, Rodgers, Romberg, others



54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*



56. 16 timeless spirituals *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Dry Bones, Every Time I Feel the Spirit, Set Down, Servant*, more.



78. Teen age rock-and-roll singer songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary* other originals —*Stupid Cupid*, etc.



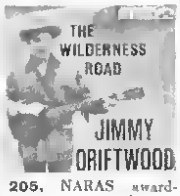
85. Gorgeous sound, dreamy dance fare with woodwinds and rhythm *I Hear a Rhapsody, You Are Too Beautiful*, etc



89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety*



204. *Haunting in hi fi* 12 authentically played all time Hawaiian hits *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, etc.



205. NARAS award-winning tunesmith sings his own hit *Tennessee Stud* plus 11 folk songs for the whole family.



206. Ballads and "belters" by new vocal sensation *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, Be My Love*, more



207. Elegant piano versions of 12 recent quality hits *All the Way, Around the World, Tammy, Just in Time, Volare*, etc



206. New hi-fi version of Friml-Hammerstein hit Julie Andrews, Giorgio Tozzi *Indian Love Call*, other favorites

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103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet —in hi-fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland, Learning the Blues*, etc.



124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945 *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Round and Round, Hot Diggity.*



134. Original versions, Skinnay Ennis, Bob Allen. *Got a Date with an Angel, Lamplight, Remember Me, Let's Do It*, 9 more.



145. *In the Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000, Farewell Blues.*



148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. Marie, *Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Star Dust, Opus No. 1*, etc.



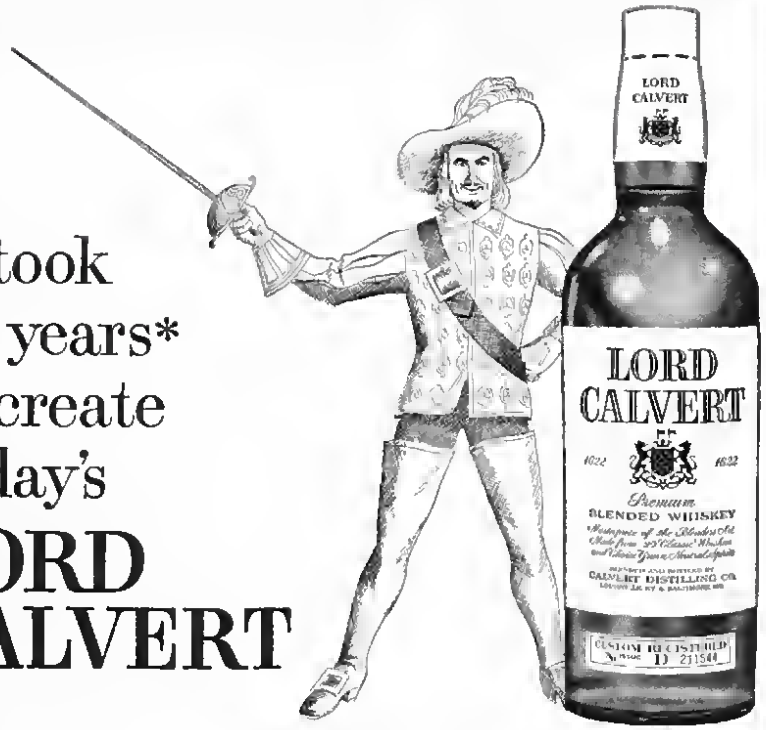
183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark* 6 others



187. A masterpiece for jazz collectors, starring Armstrong, Teagarden, Hackett in great 1947 concert



192. Original hits with Krupa, Jones, Berigan, Hampton. *Sing Sing Sing, Don't Be That Way, Avalon*, others.



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HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Pro Golfer Lloyd Mangrum says amateurs should not be permitted to compete in tournaments with professional golfers. Do you agree?*



BOB ROSBURG
Palo Alto, Calif.
1959 PGA champion

Yes and no. We should tell our sponsors just how many amateurs are advisable in a particular tournament. Mangrum was upset by the fact that the amateurs playing were not top caliber. It's true that too many amateurs who should not be in our tournaments are able to get in.



DOW FINSTERWALD
Tequesta, Fla.
Pro at Tequesta Country Club

Yes and no. During the winter there are so many pros that a limit must be placed on numbers because of the few daylight hours. Yet, there is a place for amateurs in open competition, but only those amateurs chosen during qualifying rounds in competition against pros.



JACK NICKLAUS
Ohio State University
1959 Amateur golf champion

He is wrong. Golf is not a business. If it were, millions of Americans would not be such avid golfers and lots of pros would be out of jobs. If an amateur has a chance to beat the pros, he should compete with them. The number of amateurs should be limited, but that's no problem.



WARD WETTLAUFER
Buffalo, N.Y.
Member, 1959 U.S. Walker Cup team

I don't agree. Top amateurs should be allowed to compete in all the opens. The qualifying round eliminates those who should not compete. Amateurs should get the valuable experience of competing against the pros, just as most of the top pros got their experience in the past.



JAY HEBERT
Lafayette, La.
Member, U.S. Ryder Cup team

They should be restricted to top amateurs. It's a great experience for them. Jack Nicklaus played with us and I'm sure this helped him a lot. When we are pressed for time in our tournaments, only six or seven amateurs should be allowed to compete.



JULIUS BOROS
Southern Pines, N.C.
Golf pro at Mid Pines Club

Mangrum's reason was that an amateur takes the place of a pro and deprives him of the chance to make some money. However, I think it is good to have some amateurs. It adds color and gives local amateurs a greater interest in golf. But we shouldn't have too many of them.

continued

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BILLY JOE PATTON
Morganton, N.C.
Member, 1959 U.S. Walker Cup Team

In most open competitions he may be right, but he certainly wasn't thinking of all amateurs. At times, I am sure the pros are happy to see amateurs I'm thinking about tournaments like the Open and the Masters where many pros and amateurs play mainly for the prestige and not the money.



CHARLES COE
Oklahoma City
Captain, 1959 U.S. Walker Cup Team

I talked with Lloyd Mangrum after he made that statement because I definitely feel that amateurs are an asset to any open tournament. However, it would be fairer to the pros if the qualifying rules were tightened. I think a man should have a two or better handicap before being considered as an entrant.



DEANE BEMAN
U. of Maryland
British Amateur Champion

He is both right and wrong. Something should be done, but I don't think he answer is to exclude the amateurs. I'd hate to be told I couldn't compete because of my amateur status. However, there could be stiffer qualifications to make sure the field isn't too cluttered and the caliber of the play is not barmed.



BILLY CASPER JR.
Apple Valley, Calif.
U.S. Open champion

Yes. An amateur on a lark shouldn't take a position from a pro who makes his livelihood playing golf. In the U.S. Open we all qualify together, and amateurs take spots away from the pros who are trying to make a living. If not too many pros are playing, a few qualified amateurs should compete to fill the tournament.

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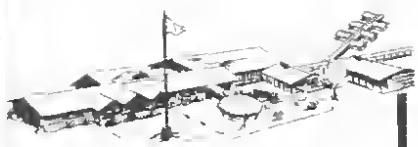
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TOP GOLF EVENTS

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PROFESSIONAL

APRIL 7-10 Masters, Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga.

APRIL 7-10 Babe Zaharias open, women, Beaumont Country Club, Beaumont, Texas.

APRIL 14-17 Greater Greensboro open, Starmount Forest Country Club, Greensboro, N.C.

APRIL 21-24 Greater New Orleans open, City Park Golf Course, New Orleans.

APRIL 21-24 Dallas Civitan open, women, Glen Lake Country Club, Dallas.

APRIL 28-MAY 1 Houston Classic, Memorial Park Golf Course, Houston.

MAY 5-8 Tournament of Champions, Desert Inn Country Club, Las Vegas, Nev.

MAY 12-15 National Invitation, Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth.

MAY 12-22 Hot Springs open, Hot Springs CC, Hot Springs, Ark.

MAY 26-29 "500" Festival open, Speedway Golf Course, Speedway, Ind.

JUNE 2-5 Memphis Invitational, Colonial Country Club, Memphis.

JUNE 9-12 Oklahoma City open, Twin Hills Golf & Country Club, Oklahoma City.

JUNE 17-19 Cosmopolitan open, women, Macktown Golf Club, Rockton, Ill.

AMATEUR

APRIL 4 Golf Writers' championship, Dunes Golf and Beach Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

APRIL 13-16 National intercollegiate invitation, Pine Forest CC, Houston.

APRIL 15-17 Amateur best ball tournament, Bellevue-Biltmore, Belleair, Fla.

APRIL 25-29 Women's State Championship, Coral Ridge Country Club, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

APRIL 25-30 North and South Amateur, Pinehurst Country Club, Pinehurst, N.C.

MAY 9-14 South Carolina women's championship, Anderson Country Club, Anderson, S.C.

JUNE 6-11 Southern Amateur, Dunes Golf Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C.



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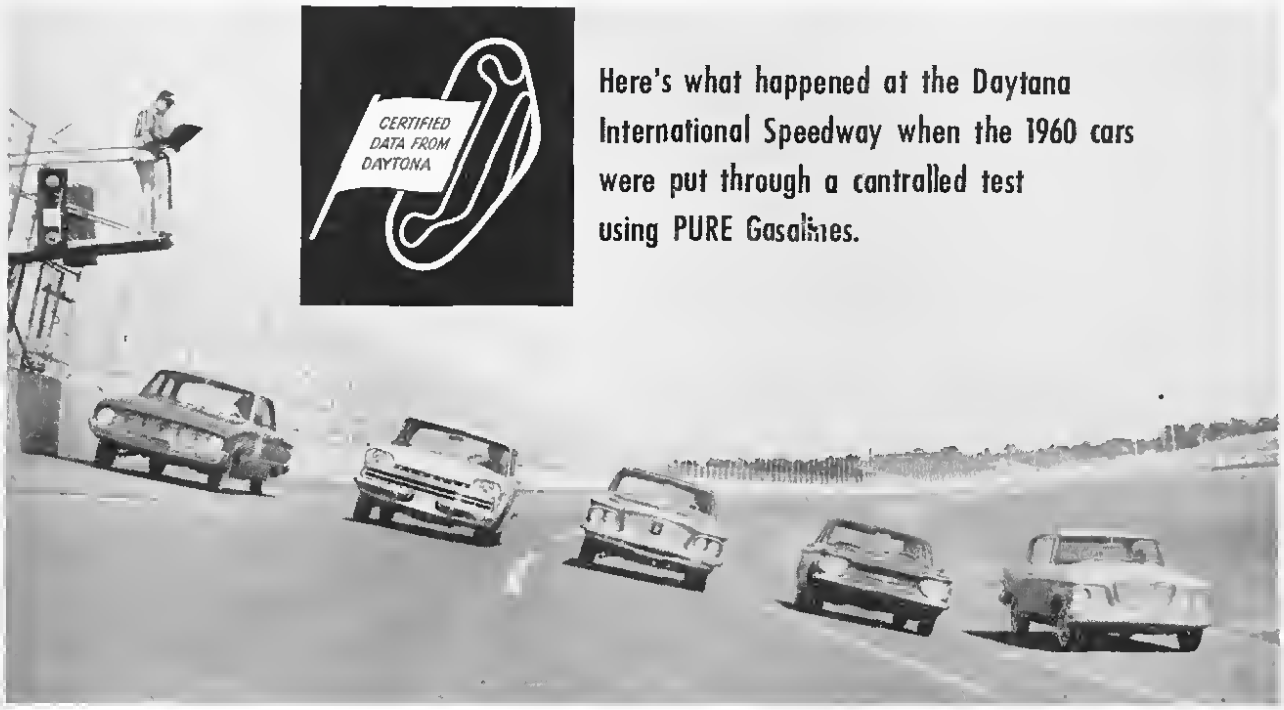
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Here's what happened at the Daytona International Speedway when the 1960 cars were put through a controlled test using PURE Gasolines.

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Whether you drive a big car or a compact one, if you want top economy, doesn't it make good sense to use the gasolines that set the records for economy at Daytona? Next time, try a tankful of PURE-*super*-PREMIUM or PURE-PEP, the "economy regular."

Results of the Pure Oil Economy Trials

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CLASS 3	(201 to 250 cu. in.)	Ford Fairlane (6 cyl.)	Bill Stroppe	34.951
CLASS 4	(251 to 304 cu in.)	Chevrolet Biscayne	Betty Skelton	29.423
CLASS 5	(305 to 361 cu in.)	Chevrolet Belair	Ralph Johnson	21.452
CLASS 6	(362 to 389 cu in.)	Pontiac Catalina	Bob Pemberton	22.784
CLASS 7	(390 cu in & over)	Chrysler Crown Imperial	Danny Eames	21.325



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MEMO *from the publisher*

ON THE CENTENNIAL of Theodore Roosevelt's birth, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published an assessment by Alden Stevens of T.R.'s pioneer work in protecting our wildlife, wilderness and natural resources (Oct. 27, '58). Stevens noted the paradox by which Roosevelt, abandoning a childhood choice to be a naturalist, as a politician made far greater contributions to conservation than he could have done otherwise. Later achievements in conservation are a monument to him. But the father of American conservation, were he alive today, would be the first to observe that achievements are far short of requirements and that requirements are far different from what they were early in this century.



HENRY J. ROMNEY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S interest in conservation is both inherent and lifelong, for reasons defined in our editorial on page 39. The interest in conservation of Henry J. Romney, Assistant to the Managing Editor, is also lifelong, and during the past six months he has climaxed it with an intense study of conservation's current status. His travels have taken him from coast to coast and to many way stops in between, for conservation is as vast as geography itself. In this issue, in the first of two parts, he presents his findings—an analysis of the newest and greatest requirements that challenge conservationists.

Romney's article is remarkable because it introduces a brand-new concept of conservation. Traditionally an exercise in saving the landscape and its life from the depredations of man, conservation now becomes a means of saving man from himself. It bears more upon the problem of human existence than animal existence. In the face of expanding urban population, it deals with contracting natural wealth. The new concept, Romney suggests, should be called social conservation.

As the theory of conservation undergoes reorientation, so must the practice. In Part Two next week Romney will report on some of the most practical and promising conservation news in several years, as it is now breaking in one of our great states and at the federal level in Washington.

Romney's article may well mark a milestone in conservation reporting. As such, it will be the latest part of the continuing story of conservation which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will continue to tell.

Arthur Murphy

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

HOCKEY—Young **Bobby Hull** of Chicago Black Hawks won NHL scoring crown (plus $1,000) by scoring two points against Boston in the last game of the regular season. Hull beat out Boston's Bronco Horvath 81–80. Horvath, injured in the first period, made dramatic return from hospital in final minutes, but was unable to score tying goal. Hockey's second major individual award, the Vezina Trophy for goalies, went to Montreal's **Jacques Plante** for a record-breaking fifth straight year. Tied with Chicago's Glen Hall going into the final game (each had permitted 175 goals), Plante had a bad night, allowed three goals, but learned $1,000 title was his when Hall did even worse in 5-5 tie with Boston.

FOOTBALL—The National Football League gave its unanimous approval to Walter and Violet Wolfner to move their **Chicago Cardinals** to St. Louis, agreed to pay them $500,000 to help defray the cost of the shift. The NFL also approved Joseph Griesedieck, 41-year-old president of the Falstaff Brewing Corporation (one of the major television sponsors of the league), as minority owner of the Cards. Until St. Louis gets its new stadium (projected date 1963) the football Cardinals will use Busch Stadium, home of the baseball Cardinals. A possible stumbling block to the move turned up in the 7% city-state admissions tax. "A very serious matter," said Walter Wolfner. Solution suggested by Wolfner: tax relief until the new stadium is built.

HORSE RACING—**Caliente winter book** on Kentucky Derby offered shortest odds on Edgehill Farm's Bally Ache (4–1), followed by Bellhurst Stable's Warfare (5–1) and C. V. Whitney's Tompion (6–1). Canadian E. P. Taylor's Victoria Park and C. Marc Crawford Jr.'s Flow Line were rated 10–1. At 15–1 were Greentree Stable's Weatherwise and Calumet Farm's Hillsborough, followed by Calumet's Fango at 20–1. Others: Yorktown, Bourbon Prince, All Hands, Llangollen Farm's Eagle Admiral and Calumet's Pied d'Or, all at 30–1.

DOG RACING—Eight greyhounds scooted out of the starting gate after the mechanical rabbit in America's first $50,000 Futurity for greyhounds, at Greyhound Park in Phoenix, Ariz. Victory went to a lightning fast pooch named **Andale**, was worth $20,000 to his owner Mike Castellani of Hollywood, Fla. The 9,400 fans set a record of their own on the futurity, backed the hounds for a record pari-mutuel pool of $35,975.

TRACK & FIELD—**Al Lawrence**, University of Houston, flew home to Australia to run in his country's Olympic trials, found the change to warm weather almost too much for him. In first trial at Melbourne, Lawrence placed fourth in the 5,000-meter run. "The last time I ran it was 32 degrees," said Lawrence. "When the pressure was applied, I just dropped dead." Five days later in Sydney, in his last bid for Rome, Lawrence finished the 10,000-meter run in 29 minutes, 55.4 seconds to win the event and a place on Australia's Olympic squad.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL—*PARSONS (Kans.) over Tyler (Texas) 78–71 for Junior College Championship, Hutchinson, Kans.*

BOXING—*CARLOS HERNANDEZ, 7-round TKO over Davey Moore, world featherweight champion, nontitle bout, Caracas, Venezuela. Moore suffered broken jaw, ending three-year, 17-bout winning streak.*
JOSE BECERRA, world bantamweight champion, 10-round decision over Ward Yee, San Antonio.
IKE CHESTNUT, 10-round decision over Leroy Jeffery, featherweights, Cleveland.
JOSE TORRES, 10-round decision over Tony Dupas, middleweights, Buffalo.
EDUARDO LAUSSE, Argentina, 4-round KO over Wilfie Greaves, middleweights, Madison Square Garden.

DOG SHOW—*BELLHAVEN LADY JET (collie), owned by Florence B. Heh, Red Bank, N.J., breed winner, Saw Mill River KC, White Plains, N.Y.*

GOLF—*GARY PLAYER, South Africa, South Africa Open, with 280 for 72 holes, for unprecedented clean sweep of South Africa's top nine pro tournaments this season.*

GYMNASTICS—*JAY WERNER, Penn State, all-round individual championship of National Collegiate tournament, with 547.25 points, University Park, Pa.*

HOCKEY—*MONTREAL first, TORONTO second, CHICAGO third in final NHL standings. Last week's scores: Chicago 3, Detroit 2, Boston 3, New York 2, Toronto 6, Montreal 2, Detroit 6, New York 3, Montreal 5, Boston 1, Toronto 1, Chicago 0, New York 3, Montreal 1, Toronto 3, Detroit 2; Chicago 5, Boston 5.*

HORSE RACING—*BALD EAGLE, $112,500 Gulfstream Park Handicap, 1⅛ m. in 2:01⅖, by ¾ of a length over Amerigo, Gulfstream Park, Fla. Manuel Yeaza up.*
FRANCIS S, owned by Louis Wolfson (Harbor Stable), $35,600 Governor's Gold Cup, 7f. in 1:28⅘, by 4½ lengths over Idolater, Bowie, Md.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*WOLFGANG VON TRIPPS, Germany, Sircusa Grand Prix, Syracuse, Sicily, averaging 162.47 mph in Ferrari.*

LACROSSE—*MT. WASHINGTON CLUB, Baltimore, over University of Maryland 13–8, Baltimore.*

SOCCER—*BARCELONA over Real Madrid 3–1 in Spanish League championship, Barcelona, Spain.*

TRACK & FIELD—*HAYES JONES, 50-yard high hurdles in 5.9, for world record, Cleveland.*
BILL NIEDER, U.S. Army, unofficially bettered Parry O'Brien's shotput record with 63-foot 10-inch toss, Palo Alto, Calif.
RAY NORTON, representing Santa Clara Youth Village, 220 yards around one turn in 20.6, for world record, Berkeley, Calif.

MILESTONES—*ENGAGED: CAROL HEISS, 20, of New York, World and Olympic figure skating champion, to HAYES ALAN JENKINS, 27, of Akron, Ohio, lawyer and 1956 Olympic figure skating champion, after weeks of roguelish denials.*
RETIRED—SAMMY WHITE, 41, Boston Red Sox catcher, after being traded to Cleveland Indians. While, who has caught 100 or more games for past eight seasons and averaged .284 at bat last year to lead American League catchers with Yogi Berra, chose to quit the game rather than leave Boston, where he shares a partnership in a bowling enterprise.
PASSED AWAY: NEW ORLEANS PELICANS, 90, baseball club (Southern Association since 1902) that sent such notables as Shoeless Joe Jackson, Dazzy Vance, Dixie Walker and Tommy Henrich to the majors, of financial strangulation. The Pelicans, who in their first year of play in 1870, as amateurs, lost to the Cincinnati Red Stockings 51–1, in 1887 issued first rain check in professional baseball (existing custom had been to take a fan's word for it that he had suffered from a rain-out), stoutly continued to play during raging yellow fever epidemic of 1905, stumbled on even when their home park was sold out from under them for a motel site in 1958.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover—Richard Jeffery. 15—Anthony Ravielli (2), RomanVishniac 11—Tony Tye 12—GeorgeThompson-Tempe Tribune, UPI. Shelbourne Ball State News Bureau, Leo Tierney Boston Daily Record. 14—AP. 22–27—Fred Lyon from Rapho Guillumette. 37, 38—drawings by Ajay. 39—Mark Kaufman. 40—New York Mirror. 42—UPI. 51—Anthony Ravielli. 62—Herb Scharlmon. 66—Stephen Blake. 70—Jon Brenneis. 75—Joe Kaufman. 80, 81—Arthur D. Trottenberg, Harvard Alumni Bulletin (2), George Woodruff (4). 90—Lee Balterman.

faces in the crowd . . .



BILL BLANKENSHIP, 30, U.S. Army sergeant at Fort Benning, Ga. took National Midwinter Pistol Championships in Tampa with record score (2,649 out of possible 2,700), won .22, .38 and .45 caliber events.



SANDRA VITVITSKY, 13-year-old jumper from Lake Placid, took on 24 boys in invitational jump at Lake Placid, defeated them with leaps of 83 and 79 feet for her eighth victory this season against male competition.



BRAD ANDRES, 24, professional motorcyclist from San Diego, roared off with his third 200-mile American Motorcycle Association race for experts at Daytona Beach, averaged 98.06 mph astride a Harley-Davidson.



MARTY REISMAN, 30-year-old New Yorker, gave Washington, D.C. crowd lively demonstration in table tennis finesse, smashed the ball at speeds up to 110 mph, defeated Bobby Gusikoff for national title.



MRS. CHARLES PAYSON, owner with brother Jock Whitney of Greentree Stable, saw their Ooweekin, 3-year-old son of Tom Fool-Indian Legend and dark horse for Kentucky Derby, take City of Aiken Cup at Aiken, S.C.



BERT RUMPEL, 26, of West Germany, captain of Southern Illinois University swimming team, set NAIA records in 100- and 200-yard breaststroke (1:05.4 and 2:22.9) in Southern Illinois meet victory at Muncie, Ind.



NORTHRUP KNOX, 31, cattle farmer from East Aurora, N.Y. and world open court tennis champion, regained his national amateur title from defending champion James Bostwick in close match in Boston.

BASKETBALL'S FINAL WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

All winter long the evidence had been mounting that the nation's best college basketball was being played in the Midwest. Last weekend, as the season ended in San Francisco and New York, the proof was in. **Ohio State**'s strong young Buckeyes easily outshot **NYU** 76–54 and favored **California** 75–55 to win the NCAA championship at San Francisco (*see page 20*); **Bradley**, Missouri Valley runner-up, beat **Providence** 88–72 for the NIT title at New York.

THE NIT

Late last Saturday afternoon, **Bradley** Coach Chuck Orsborn huffed a welcome sigh of relief, accommodatingly bent his head for a well-deserved buss from a cute Bradley cheerleader, then ambled to midcourt in New York's Madison Square Garden to accept the NIT championship trophy before the stragglers left from a crowd of 16,421.

It was the end of a long and trying week that began innocently enough with Bradley beating tall and talented **Dayton** 78–64, but deteriorated on the afternoon of the semifinal into a dime thriller, complete with a mysterious, disappearing bellhop. Chet Walker, Bradley's jumpy, high-scoring sophomore star, thought he had been poisoned by some orange juice delivered by a stranger. True or not, Walker, who has a history of jittery nerves and upset stomachs, was available to his team for only short but highly effective bursts in the rest of the tournament.

In the semifinals, Bradley met **St. Bonaventure**, a team which had completely shattered **St. John's** sophomores with an effective pincer-like half-court press and beat them horribly 106–71. The aggressive Bonnies, with the tournament's two top scorers in the slickshooting Stith brothers, Tom and Sam, tried the same tactics on Bradley. They didn't work. Mike Owens, a superb playmaker, handled the harrassing defense neatly. He simply dribbled past the defenders, fed off quickly and accurately to Sophomore Mack Herndon, who scored 22 points, and to the suffering Walker, who still managed to score 27 points in 23 minutes of play. The Braves won easily 82–71.

Meanwhile, Providence was busy working its way past **Utah State** 68–62. The

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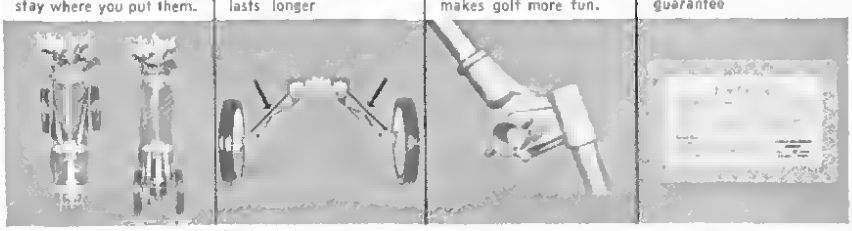
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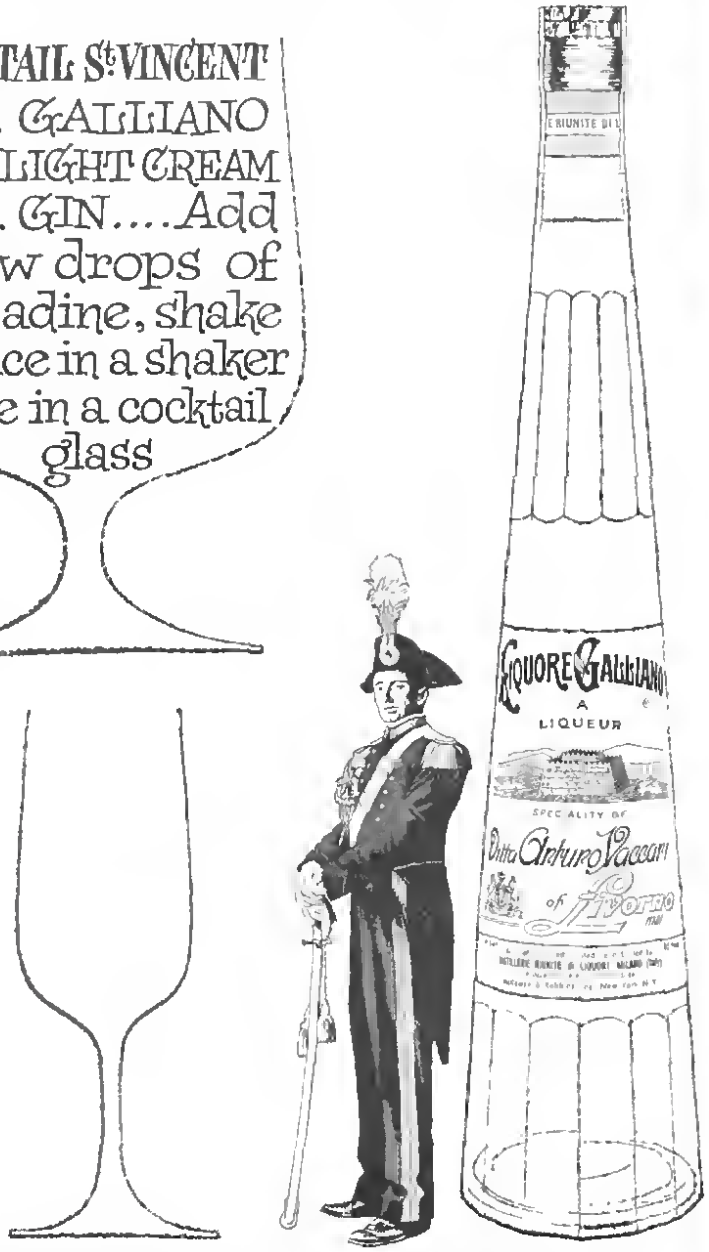
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eager and exciting Friars, led by Len Wilkens' ball hawking and Johnny Egan's deft ball handling, kept the game Aggies at arm's length despite impressive performances by State's Cornell Green and Jerry Schofield.

And so the stage was set for the final game. Wilkens (later voted the Most Valuable Player) and Egan, with some occasional rebounding help from 6-foot 10-inch Jimmy Hadnot, pulled Providence into a 62–50 lead with 10 minutes to play. But then Owens began to set up plays. Walker, Herndon and Dan Smith rebounded and scored from in close. And



HIGH FRIAR Len Wilkens hoists his NIT most valuable player trophy.

Al Saunders calmly dropped in free throws. Suddenly Providence's 1-3-1 zone defense came apart and in little over six minutes Bradley moved out in front 71–70. The Braves quickly turned the game into a rout, ran off 11 straight points at the end to win 88–72.

Utah State salvaged a piece of the spoils, won 99–83 over St. Bonaventure as Green and Schofield proved a more powerful one-two punch (58 points) than the brothers Stith (48 points).

STATISTICAL CHAMPS

Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson, who has flipped in more baskets (1,052) and scored more points (2,973) than any other major college player in history, led the nation in scoring for the third straight year. The Big O piled up 1,011 points in 30 games for a 33.7 average.

Other 1960 champions: field goal shooting—**Ohio State**'s Jerry Lucas, 283 for 443 and 63.8 percent; foul shooting—**Xavier**'s Billy Kirvin, 78 for 89 and 87.6 percent; rebounding—**College of Pacific**'s Leroy Wright (for the second time), 380 in 17 games for 22.3 average; team offense—**Ohio State**, 2,532 points in 28 games for 90.4 average; team defense—**California**, 1,486 points in 30 games for 49.5 average.



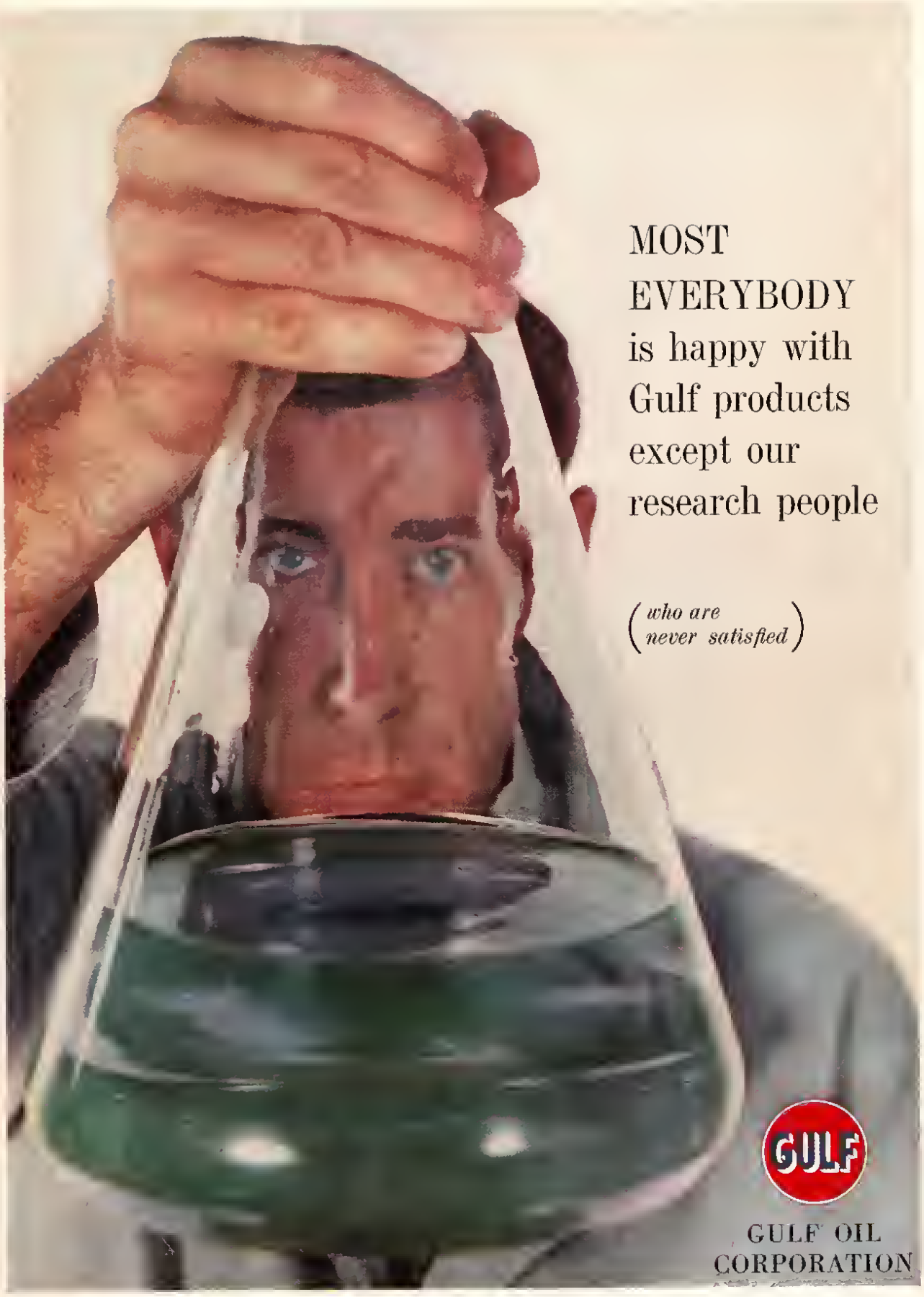
Mercury Country Cruiser: new station wagon value in the popular price range

NO WONDER MERCURY WAGONS ARE BEST SELLERS. They offer so much more than other makes and are priced so much lower this year. For example, a Mercury Country Cruiser has the clean, trim beauty—the wonderful open-air feeling—of hardtop design (one side pillar replaces the usual three). The rear window is retractable. This means easier loading and ventilation—there is no clumsy liftgate to open or get in the way.

Inside you have the most usable cargo space of any station wagon (over 101 cubic feet behind the front seat). And all passengers face forward in a Country Cruiser. The optional self-storing 3rd seat faces front. Rear-seat passengers enter through the side door. There is no need to scramble over the tailgate—or to face the headlight glare of following cars.

With so much extra value, it is only natural that most people think a Mercury Country Cruiser is a lot more expensive than low-price wagons. Yet, the fact is, with Mercury's new low prices, the Commuter shown here now sells in the popular price range. Better compare the style, price, ride and value of a Mercury Country Cruiser before buying any 1960 wagon. Just stop in at Quality Headquarters, your Mercury dealer's.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Motor Company


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except our
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never satisfied)
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CORPORATION

COMING EVENTS

March 25 to March 31
All times are E S T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, March 25

AUTO RACING
Formula Junior Race, Sebring, Fla

BOXING
◉ Paret vs Thompson, welters, 12 rds, Mad
■ Sq Garden, New York, 10 p m (NBC)

Saturday, March 26

AUTO RACING
■ Florida International 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance, Sebring, Fla (CBS) *
Natl SCCA Chisholm Trail rally, Dallas (also March 27)

BASKETBALL (college)
East-West All-Star game, Mad Sq Garden, New York
(pro)
◉ NBA playoff, 2 p m (NBC)

GOLF
◉ All-Star Golf series, Middlecoff vs. Besselink, 5 p m in each time zone (ABC)

HORSE RACING
Arkansas Derby, $25,000 added, Oaklawn Park, Ark.
John B Campbell Handicap, $100,000 added, Bowie, Md
The Swift, $25,000 added, Aqueduct, New York
Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, England

HUNT RACE MEETING
Stoneybrook Meeting, Southern Pines, N.C.

VOLLEYBALL
Georgia AAU Open, Athens, Ga

Sunday, March 27

AUTO RACING
NASCAR Grand National division, $4,200, North Wilkesboro, N.C.

BASKETBALL (pro)
◉ NBA playoff, 2:15 p m (NBC).

BOATING
Star Class Spring Championship, New Orleans (through April 2)

BOWLING
◉ Sunday Sports Spectacular, Philadelphia, 3 p m (CBS)

GOLF
◉ World Championship Golf series, Rudolph vs. Vossler, 4:30 p.m (NBC)

SKIING
New England Kandahar, Waitsfield, Vt.

Monday, March 28

TENNIS
Kingston Invitation, Kingston, Jamaica (through April 3).

Tuesday, March 29

HORSE RACING
Dinner Stakes, $10,000 added, Gulfstream Park, Fla.

Wednesday, March 30

BOXING
◉ Perkins vs Rollins, lights, 10 rds, Chicago, 10 p m (ABC)

HARNESS RACING
The Los Angeles trot, $10,000, Arcadia, Calif.

HORSE RACING
Correction Handicap, $25,000 added, Aqueduct, New York

WRESTLING
U S Championships, San Francisco (through April 2)

Thursday, March 31

BADMINTON
U S Open Amateur Championships, Chicago (through April 2)

BASKETBALL
U S Men's Final Olympic Tryouts, Denver (through April 2)

GOLF
Azalea Open, $15,000, Wilmington, N C (through April 3).

SWIMMING
U S Men's Indoor Championships, New Haven, Conn (through April 2).

*See local listing



Linus, when we say the new Ford Falcon Wagon has a load floor over 7 feet long—we mean 7 *long* feet. Not just any old feet! Another way of putting it: the Falcon has the longest load floor of any compact wagon. It's big enough to do everything you want a wagon to do . . . and it's compact enough to save your money in true Falcon fashion. Just one example: the new Ford Falcon is America's lowest priced 6-passenger wagon!* FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

NEW FROM AMERICA'S WAGON SPECIALISTS

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers suggested retail delivered prices

FORD *Falcon* WAGON



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Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR TIRES

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NO MORE FLATS... FROM ANY CAUSE!

WE GUARANTEE: If a Goodyear tire with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield ever goes flat—from any cause—we will:

1. Pay for your road service
2. Replace the Shield at no cost
3. Give you full allowance for unused tread wear if the tire is damaged (In the rare event you need to take advantage of this guarantee, simply call your nearest Goodyear dealer.)

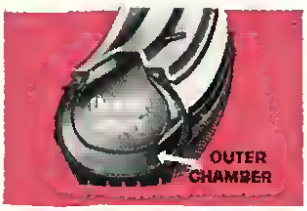
Now—never again a roadside tire change, if you get tires with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield by Goodyear!

Goodyear Safety Shields *will not go flat* if the tire is punctured, torn or blown out. They're actually built-in spares, made with tough nylon and steel cord.

If you have *any* kind of tire damage with these shields protecting you—you can drive on to a service station, at reasonable speed, even 100 miles or more, for service.

Make up your mind you've had your last flat. Get the Safety Shield in either of these great tires: 3 T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion—standard or optional equipment on some of America's finest cars, or 3-T Nylon Double Eagle—the best tire man can make or money can buy. Talk to your nearby Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.



Only the air in the outer chamber escapes if the tire is cut, torn or blown out. Reserve air in the tough, nylon-and-steel-cord Safety Shield immediately supports the car, lets you drive on for 100 miles or more at reasonable speeds.



YEAR

'IRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Captive-Air, Super-Cushion, Double Eagle T. M.'s, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



DEADEYE BUCKEYES

Ohio State's brilliant basketball offense won the national title at San Francisco's Cow Palace

by JEREMIAH TAX
Photographs by Jon Brenneis

THE NATION'S college basketball coaches, a collection of middle-aged gentlemen who are losing their hair and the tone of their tummy muscles, had themselves a ball last week in San Francisco. Hundreds of them checked in at the comfortable old Palace Hotel for their annual convention and to attend the championship round of the NCAA basketball tournament. They crowded the Palace bars, stuffed themselves with cracked crab at Fisherman's Wharf and with rare roast beef at Jack's and Ernie's restaurants, whistled at the lightly clad hostesses in the Gold Street honky-tonks and ogled the bearded beatniks in North Beach. During the day they climbed the



steep hills of this gay, handsome city, and late at night they gathered in a dozen convivial corners and sang 10,000 off-key, bourbon-scented choruses of *Heart of My Heart* and *Sweet Adeline*.

But they will all forget the pleasures of San Francisco long before they forget two basketball games they and 14,000-odd others saw at the Cow Palace (*above*) on Friday and Saturday nights. Friday's semifinal feature was a down-to-the-wire thriller between California and Cincinnati, and Saturday's was the final between California and Ohio State—a fascinating match-up of the top defensive and offensive teams in the nation.

Led by Oscar Robertson, Cincinnati came to San Francisco determined to reverse its defeat at the hands of this same California team last year at the very same stage of the championship tournament—the semifinal round. The Cincinnatians brought their school band and hundreds of home-town rooters, and they tore into Cal with great power and confidence. They had a basket within five seconds, another very soon thereafter, and with nine and a half minutes gone, they had a nine-point lead, 20–11.

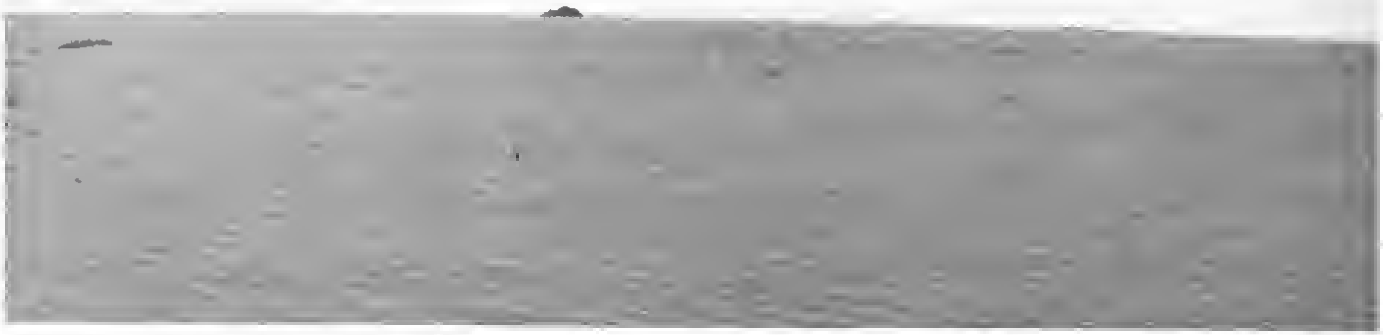
The odd thing about this was that Cal's traditionally fine defense was working well; Cal stole the ball repeatedly and then missed the easy lay-ups. All its points were made on difficult shots after careful execution of set plays. Cal contained Robertson—who didn't score his first field goal until two minutes before the end of the half—but his accurate pass work accounted for most of Cincinnati's points. Only as half time approached did the Cal defense begin to pay off; then the Bears caught and passed Cincinnati and left the floor ahead 34–30.

But if Cal thought it had the game won there, it had a rude jolt coming. After play resumed, Cincinnati refused to crack despite Cal's continued defensive pressure. With a minute and a half to go, Cal led by only three

continued on page 70



RON OELANY (BELOW, LEFT) AND DON BOWDEN DIG IN AND SPRINT STRAIGHT UP STEEP 300-FOOT SAND DUNE. ABOVE, BOWDEN



LEADS DELANY AS THEY RACE ALONG A DESERTED STRETCH OF BEACH BORDERING THE PACIFIC, 40 MILES SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO

Photographs by Fred Lyon

RON AND DON BY THE SEA

Training together on a secluded California beach are an Irishman and an American with a common aim—to beat Australia's Herb Elliott to an Olympic medal at Rome

by ROBERT BOYLE

FOR THE PAST couple of months two of the world's best milers have been training together in San Francisco. One is Ron Delany of Ireland, the winner of the 1,500 meters, or so-called metric mile, in the 1956 Olympic Games. The other is Don Bowden, the first and only American to run the mile in less than four minutes. Not present but very much on their minds is Herb Elliott, the world mile record holder, who has been training savagely on raw oats and raisins in Australia (SI, Jan. 18).

Delany and Bowden are unlike Elliott. While both are dedicated athletes, they are not ascetics. Delany is not above taking a glass of wine now and then "for the good of my digestive system," and neither he nor Bowden would ever think of stocking up stamina on raw oats. "We just eat the bark off trees," says Delany.

A Villanova graduate, Delany came to San Francisco last January as a sales representative for Irish Air Lines. He lives in a view apartment in an old house atop Russian Hill. All in all, he has taken nicely to life in California, though he still keeps his wristwatch on Irish time so he can keep in mental tune with the folks back home. A charmer, Delany says that he not only kissed the Blarney stone, but sat on it as well.

Bowden, 23, is two years younger than Delany. A California graduate, he is now an Army second lieutenant stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco. After he completes his service, he plans to study law.

On weekdays Delany and Bowden run on the polo field at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. On weekends they generally go to a log cabin the Bowden family owns near Santa Cruz. The cabin is in a delightful setting, ringed by giant redwoods, with the Pacific only 10 minutes away by car.

A recent weekend, while rainy, was typical. ("I run like hell in the rain," Delany confided.) At 3 on Friday afternoon (or 11 at night by Delany Dublin time) they met in Golden Gate Park for a workout. They did exercises and a half dozen laps around the half-mile grass field.

After a shower and a change of clothes at Delany's apartment, they drove to San Jose for dinner with Bowden's mother and father. On the way down they talked about training in tandem. "When your body's weak, you have to have someone to push you," said Delany. "You run longer and farther together than you would on your own."

Friendship, however, counts for naught in competition. "He'll be out to kill me, and I'll be out to kill him," said Bowden. "If there's a space we both want, say the inside lane, we'll both go for it."

After dinner (cracked crab, avocado salad, ice cream, cookies and milk)

continued



the two runners drove over to the cabin. Delany started a fire, and they both flopped down to talk. Bowden picked up an old copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED with Anne Quast, the golfer, on the cover, gazed at her dreamily and sighed, "Oh, baby, would I like to have a date with you."

"Ah," said Delany, "she may have muscles in her arms."

"Well, I'd sure like to have a date with her," Bowden said.

The conversation turned to training in the park. "We warm up for 15 minutes," Bowden said, "running two to two and a half miles with our sweats on. Sometimes we might criss-cross the field. Sometimes we might run the sides of the field and jog the turns. You have to mix up your speed work and distance work. You get the most lift from training if you have a fresh mental approach. But you have to do a certain amount of work. I'm competing on the all-Army team, and the schedule is pretty well set up. I'll probably run at the end of April."

"I don't want to run until later in the year," Delany said. "I want to spend as much time training as possible. Where Don might run in April, I might run in June."

"Ron has had enough experience," said Bowden.

"For one race," said Delany, "you lose five days of training. Right, Don?"

"You can't get in shape and race at the same time," Bowden said. "The Olympics is everybody's goal. Of course, Ron here has reached the top. It's a glorious thing. I picture it in my mind that on one given day in one given thing, you're the best in the world. That's something I think is worth working for. It's quite an art to bring all this physical and mental concentration together and focus it upon one afternoon."

Present company excluded, there was one man to watch. "Elliott's the man," said Delany.

"Elliott's certainly proved himself," said Bowden. "We're kind of recognizing the facts."

"But we're not conceding him anything," exclaimed Delany.

continued

REFLECTED IN WET SAND, Bowden and Delany run along the water's edge.

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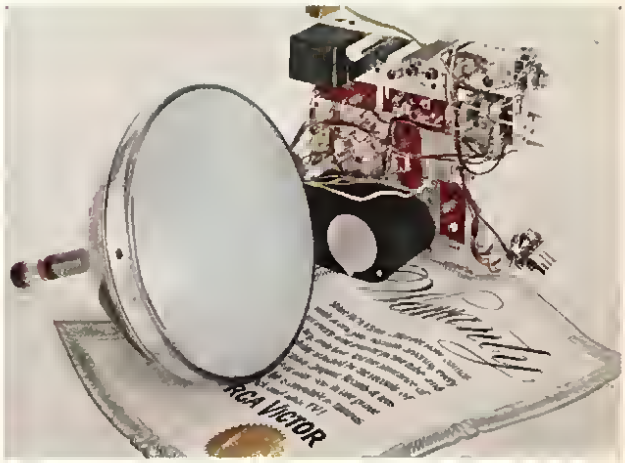
New "Wireless Wizard" remote tuning! Picture tuning is quick and easy . . . RCA Victor's complete remote control proves it! A finger flick does all the work, even turns the set completely off!



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It's so easy to rent a car from HERTZ

There I was, all set to take off in the family car for a little fishing trip. Then my wife stopped me and said she had a thousand and one errands to run and needed the car! Right then and there I discovered Hertz!



My trip was a phone call away. Our local Hertz office arranged a car *immediately!* Hertz has new Chevrolets, other fine cars.



All I needed was my license and credentials. Low Hertz rates include insurance, gas and oil (even if you buy it on the road)!



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"We're getting ready to slip it to him in the last 50 yards," shouted Bowden, laughing. "With a blackjack."

"We'd like him to see a certain region of our anatomy," Delany cried.

"The posterior," shouted Bowden.

Shortly before noon on Saturday the two of them set out for a deserted stretch of Pacific beach. Elliott was still on their minds. "The tiger here," said Delany with a confidential nod toward Bowden, "is out to get him."

Bowden laughed. "You're out to get him yourself."

"I'll let you beat him first," Delany said graciously as he got out of the car and eyed a formidable sand dune. "I have nightmares about Elliott." He paused as Bowden turned to listen. "I dream," said Delany, "that after he beats me, I beat him up." Bowden laughed. Beaming at the response, Delany ran up the dune, waved his fists and shouted, "Maybe he can beat me running, but I can clean him with the fists."

"I hope Elliott reads that," Bowden called out. "He'll be right over here."

They reached the peak of the dune —it must be at least 300 feet high— and sprinted down the precipitous forward slope to the beach. They ran along the water's edge together until they disappeared into a blanket of fog. A half hour later they appeared again. Bowden sat down at the base of the dune and took off his shoes and socks, as Delany did push-ups before sprinting down the beach alone. Bowden got up and ran into the water. He ran up and down in the surf, lifting his knees high. Delany returned and took his shoes off. Bowden joined him, and they sprinted back and forth on the wet sand. Then they assaulted the dune, their feet slipping in the loose sand. They reached the top and ran down the other side. Then they ran back up again.

"What does this sand-dune running do for you?" Delany was asked.

"It makes you feel sick," he exclaimed.

"It destroys morale and builds up physical capabilities," said Bowden. "I think I'm king of the mountain when I reach the top here. I'd love to take Elliott here when he comes over. Don't you think he'd enjoy it, Ron?"

Ron, with a weary smile: "Oh, he'd love it."

They ran down to the beach again. "Ah," said Delany, "this gets you away from civilization for a weekend. No one to bother you. No one with model airplanes trying to gun you down."

"It's restful and relaxing and a change of scenery," said Bowden.

Delany walked into the water. "Sea water is good for your legs," he said. "Horses are often trained in it for their hoofs. Personally, it's too cold for me."

"Come around in September and see who's taking the curtain call," said Bowden, who likes to run in the water. Delany came out, and they jogged up and down the beach together. Then they ran up that godawful dune again. "Come play by the sea with Ron and Don," exulted Bowden when they reached the top. They headed for the car. It was 2:30 and Delany had to be getting back to San Francisco.

After cleaning up the cabin, they drove to the Coast Creamery in Santa Cruz. The creamery is run by Les Cuneo, the husband of Bowden's cousin, who treats them to malteds after a workout. They both had vanilla, and after they finished, Les gave Delany a St. Patrick's Day special, a brick of vanilla with a pistachio shamrock. Delany took a bite. "The white doesn't taste much good," he joked, "but the green is excellent."

A half hour later Delany dropped Bowden off at his home in San Jose, then headed back for his apartment. "It's very enjoyable training together," he said as the car sped up the Bayshore Freeway toward San Francisco. "It's a very enjoyable experience. It's a pity they don't give two gold medals. But you never feel badly running against a friend in a race. It's a singular experience. A race is a race is a race." **END**

AFTER STRENUOUS WORKOUT, BOWDEN (LEFT) AND DELANY WELCOME MALTEDS ON THE HOUSE AT SANTA CRUZ ICE CREAM STORE



THE BIGGEST AND BEST

THIS SILENTLY ELOQUENT gallery in New York's Museum of Natural History drew outdoorsmen from across the continent last week—86 trophies in 25 North American categories representing the best of the big-game bag of the last two years. The occasion was the biennial awards dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club, official scorekeepers of North American game records.

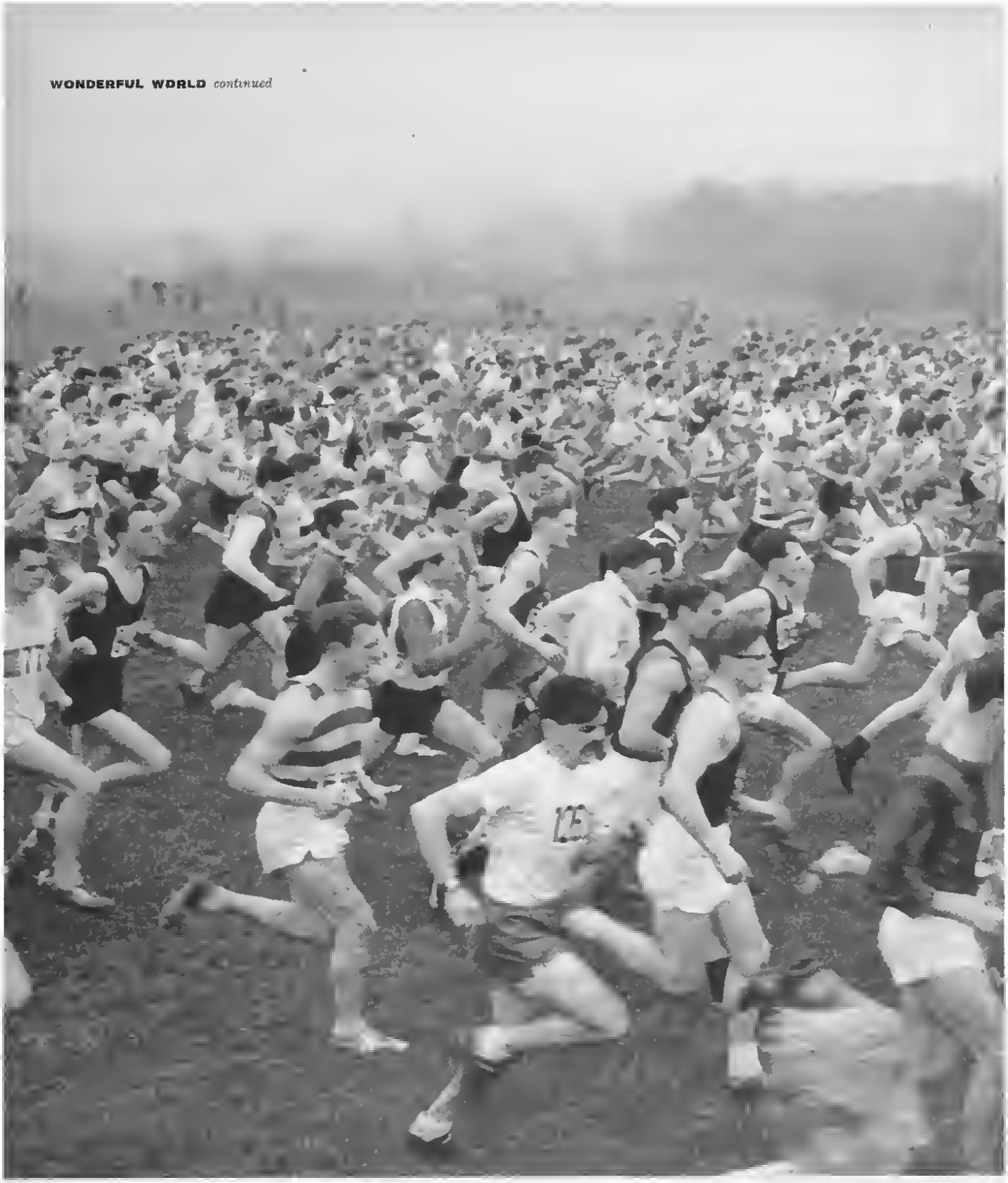
Three of the prizes set new world records: a polar bear taken off Point Hope, Alaska by Tom F. Bolack of New Mexico; a white-tail deer shot in his home state by John A. Breen of Minnesota; and a mule deer with a mysterious past—it was discovered in a saloon by a Wyoming taxidermist, history and hunter forgotten. But the top excitement and the top award, the Sagamore Hill Medal, were for an elk shot by Fred C. Mercer of Montana. With right and left antler lengths totaling 10 feet, it was judged "the elk of the century." After a month's display in New York, the trophies will be taken off museum walls and shipped to their proud owners. Boone and Crockett experts find trophy hunting increasing, believe that even better trophies still await the hunter.

Photographs by Leo Choplin



"ELK OF CENTURY" (*above*) won top award among trophies (*opposite*) in Boone and Crockett Club competition.





A HAPPY SLOSH

Photograph by Brian Seed

If they had bowlers and umbrellas they might be commuters dashing for the 5:12 at Waterloo Station. But in this scantier garb they could only be most of the field of 646 runners who happily sloshed nine miles through rain and mud at West Bromwich the other day in the 73rd English Cross-Country Championships. Cross-country,



one of Britain's most traditional and trying sports enthusiasms since the Thames Rowing Club began it as a form of winter training a century ago, has grown to the point where 101 clubs entered teams in this year's championship. Whether coal miners or bank executives (some of each are in the group above), the men churning up the West Bromwich course of grass, winter wheat and plowed earth were all seeking the connoisseur's quiet satisfaction that comes with a finish, be it first or 456th. Top connoisseur: an iron-muscled, 26-year-old Coventry gardener named Basil Heatley who weeded out all rivals with a five-minute-mile pace and won in a muddy trot.





HOPE IN DETROIT

Photograph by David Kitz

The air was freezing, the wind was fast, snow was spitting, and angular patches of ice bobbed over the chop of the Detroit River. Yet skimming downstream at 25 mph, hard on the course taken by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac one milder day in 1701, was Nancy Rideout, a world champion on water skis. Miss Rideout, semi-snug in thermal undies and a yellow skin-diver's suit, was enduring this uncivil weather to alert the public to the Greater Michigan Boat Show. But in Detroit she also stirred this hope: if Nancy Rideout comes on skis, can spring be far behind?

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Condensed Baseball

YOU CAN GET condensed versions of almost anything these days, so it comes as no great surprise that there is now a condensed version of baseball. No bother with such peripheral, if conventional, fascinations as the hit-and-run play, the long sacrifice fly, the baseline bunt, the double steal, the double play, the first-base pickoff on the shoestring catch in center. Beginning next month, a company with the condensed name of Ziv-TV will introduce *Home Run Derby*, a series of 26 half-hour TV films. Each film pits two big-league sluggers against each other (and against minor league pitching) in a nine-inning game, and anything but a home run counts as an out.

Home Run Derby was filmed at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field in January. "There'll be 20 big-league sluggers in all," a Ziv spokesman says. "We'll have Mickey and Willie and Ernie and Hank. We'll also have Orlando. It's just too bad Orlando doesn't have a nice, short nickname."

"It's a focus on the big moment, starring the big men of the game," adds Ziv Sales Executive Maurice Rifkin. "We're certain the return to the sponsor will be proportionate."

First film in the series matches Mickey Mantle (31 homers last year) against Willie Mays (34). After a winter of relaxation, Willie came up with blistered hands during the practice sessions. "Gee whiz," said a producer, "look at those hands." "I don't care," said Willie, "this is fun." Mickey was equally intent. "I've never tried harder," he said, "not even in the World Series." Mickey and Willie had reason for their enthusiasm. Each *Home Run Derby* winner gets $2,000, the loser $1,000; with bonus arrangements (*e.g.*, $500 for three consecutive home runs), a player can win $10,000 a game.

Who won the first contest? Ziv isn't saying, but the smart money's on Mantle, 9 homers to 8.



"Orbit? Hell, George, I can't even get it off the pad!"

Winning Streaks

WHEN Arnold Palmer won his third straight tournament the other day it was the first time since 1952 that anybody had performed so well on the pro golf tour.

But down in Fort Worth is a chunky 48-year-old chicken farmer who not so many years ago put together a winning streak of his own, and Palmer's feat set him to reminiscing. His name: Byron Nelson.

Lord Byron he'd been called back in that spring and summer of 1945 when his firm wrists were snapping

continued



Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy . . . a delicious ingredient for summer parties . . . an important color for your wardrobe!



Mix Blackberry print blouse, $9.95, with linen skirt (left) or top it with jersey jacket and matching linen Bermuda-length shorts, $15.00.

Recipe for a perfect summer—McMullen's mix-and-match casuals...inspired by Hiram Walker's Cordials

White sleeveless blouse, $7.95; Blackberry Irish linen skirt, $17.95. Matching wool jersey jacket, $19.95; Blackberry print, scoop-neck dress, $29.95. Photo at Sunset Lodge, Jamaica, B.W.I., by Howard Graff.

Flavor your summer with the bright new shades of McMullen's Cordial Collection. Choose skirts, shirts, Bermuda shorts, wool jersey jackets and festive dresses in shades and prints of Blackberry Flavored Brandy, for instance. Mixed or matched, they're as refreshing as a Blackberry Cooler on a warm summer evening.

See McMullen's Casuals in a rainbow of Cordial Colors at your favorite fashion stores. And don't forget to pick up some Hiram Walker's Cordials, too . . . 21 flavors to make your summer a joy . . . all simple to serve and *in*expensive, too.

HIRAM WALKER'S

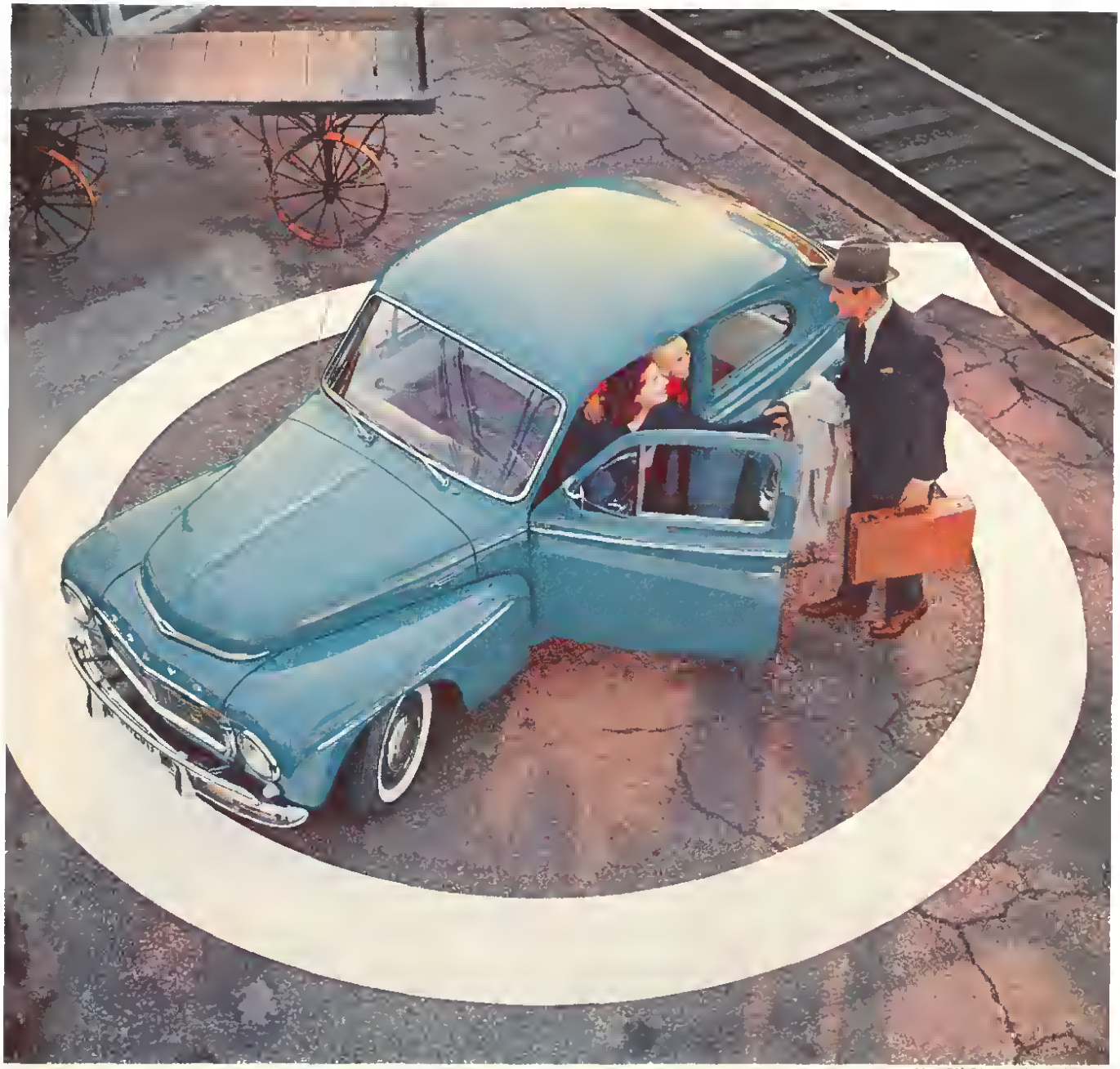
CORDIALS

A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors



Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Orange Curacao, Peppermint Schnapps, Sloe Gin, Anisette, Apricot Liqueur, 60 proof, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Rock and Rye, 70 proof; Triple Sec, Kummel, 80 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois.



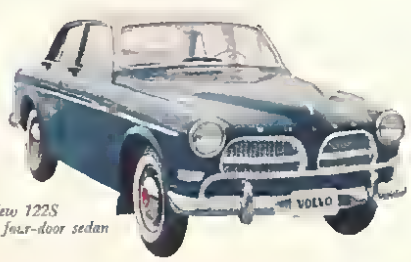


New PV 544 two-door sedan

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iron shots at the hole with an accuracy that the Hogans, Sneads and Middlecoffs have never quite matched. As he looked back to that era last week he couldn't even remember where golf's greatest string of victories began. (It was Miami on March 11.)

"There wasn't much pressure at first," he recalled, "but it pyramided. It got like an auction. There would be headlines: CAN NELSON WIN AGAIN? WHO CAN STOP NELSON?

"It got to be fantastic. I'd never dreamed of anything like it. If I knew exactly what caused it I'd do it again, but the mechanics of my swing were such that no thought was required. It's like eating. You don't think to feed yourself. All my concentration was on the scoring, not the swing, so I'll never know what caused it.

"The main thing I worried about was my tempo. When galleries start running down the fairways, rushing and shoving, you unconsciously quicken your stride. Some call it timing, but I call it tempo, and it's everything. I was afraid of losing it. But I couldn't lose.

"Things reached the point that I remember one morning I told my wife I didn't think I could stand it any longer. I wished I could blow up. When I came back that day she asked me, 'Well, did you blow up?' and I said, 'Yes. I shot a 66.'"

The victories rolled on. First place at Durham, Atlanta and Philadelphia, the same at the PGA, the Tam O'Shanter, the Canadian Open. The scores would still win today: 269, 269, 268, 263.

Finally it ended. "I remember it was Memphis," said Nelson. "Peculiar thing. It was an amateur, Freddy Haas, who won." But it didn't happen until Lord Byron had won eleven consecutive tournaments against the best: Snead, Demaret, Sarazen, McSpaden.

There is one last note of interest in comparing Nelson's victories with Palmer's. For winning eleven straight times in 1945 Nelson earned $27,000 in war bonds, $7,750 cash. For four wins and six other money finishes in three months this year Arnold Palmer has taken home $24,200.

They Said It

DON NEWCOMBE, *Cincinnati Red pitcher, asked about his fast ball: "I throw as hard as ever. It just takes longer to get to the plate."*

ROOGER WARD, *Indianapolis "500" champion: "What most people want is comfort. I'm one of them. Believe me, I hate to drive."*

TEX WINTER, *Kansas State basketball coach, on his new book: "When we lost four of our first five, my publisher suggested changing the title from* Better Basketball to Character Building."

MICKEY MANTLE *of the New York Yankees, donning his old No. 7 after taking a pay cut: "I'm surprised the number wasn't trimmed to 6¾."*

Highwaymen in Hallandale

FACT ONE: The City of Hallandale, Fla. wants a 10¢-a-head tax, just one thin dime, on each customer at Gulfstream Park race track, but the Florida legislature has voted the motion down.

Fact two: Three times in the last two weeks Hallandale police have established roadblocks outside Gulfstream to check drivers' licenses, thereby slowing traffic to a solemn crawl and causing daily-double fans to get to the park too late to get their bets down.

Reason: Police say they are just "attempting to apprehend any lawless elements that flood this area, especially during the winter season."

Tune in next season. If Gulfstream is ponying up 10¢ a head to Hallandale you'll know why.

Mirabel vs. the BBC

FOR the first time in history this week British televiewers (an estimated 15 million of them) and millions of Europeans as well will get to watch England's most famous steeplechase on their living room screens. Their pleasure represents a triumph by the BBC and the Continental hookup known as Eurovision over the eight-year resistance of a lady named Mirabel Topham.

Mirabel ("Isn't that a silly name?" she says) is a redoubtable sexagenarian of 14 stone who dearly loves the Grand National steeplechase course at Aintree of which she happens to be managing director. The onetime showgirl daughter of a somewhat dreamy and unbusinesslike London artist who tried to train her esthetic sense by having her taught bookbinding and decorative leather work, Mirabel began her climb to the top of Aintree by marrying the grandson of its founder, a promotional genius known as Topham the Wizard.

Arthur Topham, the Wizard's grandson and Mirabel's husband, was in no sense a chip off the old block. In 1958, after 36 years of contented connubiality and complete inconspicuousness, he bowed gracefully out of this world leaving behind a statement that could well stand as his epitaph: "I am shy and retiring. I am very proud of my clever and capable wife." Mirabel, needless to say, had been running Aintree and the Grand National singlehanded and without his help or hindrance for years, carrying on in the process a running war with bookmakers, broadcasters, the League Against Cruel Sports, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, newspaper reporters and anybody else who dared to cross her path.

Last week one group of Mirabel's foes, who declined to give their names, wrote letters threatening to blow up her race track, and the guards at Aintree were out in force. But the device the BBC used to defeat its old opponent was less drastic: it simply waited her out. Virtually ever since the birth of British television, Mirabel has been coyly and stubbornly resisting its advances. Peter Dimmock, genial BBC man in charge of outside

continued

broadcasts, claims he has gone gray attempting to win her over. Mirabel insisted that she had only wanted to be fair, fair to the public, to her paying customers, to the newsreels. "I didn't want to divert to a new love," she said last week, pocketing the BBC's £15,000, "until the old was satisfied."

Veeck's Latest

WHEN Bill Veeck's Chicago White Sox go visiting this season their names—FOX, WYNN, APARICIO, etc.—will be clearly emblazoned on the backs of their uniforms.

When the White Sox are at home, however, things will be different. There, since Bill Veeck is an innovator but not that much of an innovator, uniforms will bear only numbers, and the vendors at Comiskey Park will still be able to go up and down the aisles crying: "Can't tell 'em without a scorecard."

Mr. Rickey Farms New Soil

WHEN Branch Rickey talks about farm teams baseball men have a way of listening, and well they might.

It was Rickey who made the first attempt at a working agreement between major and minor league baseball teams; his St. Louis Browns took an operational interest in Montgomery, Alabama baseball back in 1913. The agreement collapsed, but the idea lingered on, and six years later Rickey was at it again, this time on behalf of the St. Louis Cardinals. He built the Cards a farm system of as many as 33 teams, saw the players it developed win world championships and set a pattern for nurturing young talent which every major league team has long since adopted.

So it was hardly surprising, when news came of a dramatically different kind of relationship between major and minor league baseball teams, that the man with the new idea should turn out to be Branch Rickey.

Instead of having each major league team make arrangements with the minor league clubs of its choice, why not have the whole major league work with an entire minor league, Rickey wondered. And in his post as president of that fledgling new major league, the Continental, Rickey was able to try such a league-to-league farm arrangement.

At his direction the Continental League last week signed an agreement with the Class D Western Carolina League: a traditional working agreement in the baseball sense except that it was between leagues, not teams.

The CL agreed to pay the salary of all managers in the eight-team Carolina league, underwrite a spring-training program, set salary limits for players and pay $60,000 into the league treasury for division among the member clubs as needed. In return it hoped to get first crack at whatever crop sprouted on the farm.

Of even more interest, the Continental League said it might follow the same procedure in starting farm arrangements with minor leagues of higher classification.

Did minor league baseball sound interested? You bet. Three other leagues have already asked about how they might become a part of old Branch Rickey's latest young idea.

Shape of TV to Come (cont.)

TWO WEEKS AGO we told you about WGBH-TV, Boston's noncommercial station, which carried the Winter Olympics after the local CBS affiliates turned it down, and received $13,000 in gifts from grateful viewers. Last week in Providence "subscription-TV" took another enlightened giant step. WPRO-TV, a CBS affiliate, tried to find sponsors for the Providence-Utah State National Invitation Tournament semifinal basketball game in Madison Square Garden, but advertisers found the $7,500 tag too steep. The Providence College alumni association thereupon announced a drive to raise the money, with WPRO-TV promising to make up any deficit. Small checks for $1, $2 and $3 poured in, and big ones for $1,000 and for $600 came from the Bishop of Providence and the city respectively. Three-quarters of a million viewers therefore watched the Providence Friars win 68–62.

The Providence fans could hardly wait to watch their beloved Friars in the finals without having to pass the hat. NBC brought it to them commercially sponsored. But alas, and anticlimactically, the Friars lost.



Horse Play

Whinnying, neighing,
With black shoes and tan shoes,
These horses are playing
A game they call manshoes.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

Semper Paratus

THIS is what the U.S. Coast Guard said: It shall be the law of this nation that on 1 April 1960 and thereafter all pleasure boats propelled by machinery of more than 10 horsepower must be numbered by a state agency or the Coast Guard, such number to appear, clearly legible, on each side of the bow and in figures at least three inches high. Applications to the Coast Guard for a number shall be accompanied by a $3 Federal Boating Stamp, available in U.S. post offices.

This is what the Coast Guard, which had not been listening, did: It distributed 1 million of the boating stamps, each depicting a cabin cruiser and an outboard runabout slicing saucily through the water. Neither craft, though both easily exceeded the 10 horsepower class, had the benefit of a law-abiding, Coast Guard number on its bow or anywhere else.

Semper paratus (always ready) is the Coast Guard motto. Last week the Guard was ready with excuses. "Numbers would have been too small to see anyhow," said one spokesman lamely, squirming in his swivel chair. Weaseled another: "It was what we call artistic license." **END**

A WHOLE LAND FOR THE WHOLE MAN



THE LEAD STORY OF OUR VERY FIRST ISSUE MADE A POINT THAT IS STILL SOUND

O.K. JOE, get in there and give it all you've got!" This is the most timeless cliché of the athletic world, and on the face of it the mandate it carries would seem to be simplicity itself: good old Joe is being asked, even ordered, to go in there and bust a gut for good old Siwash. But the less simple fact is that if Joe were ever so profligate in the expenditure of his talent and resources the Siwash coach would have benched him years ago. What Joe is really being asked to do is to go out on the field and conserve his energy for its most efficient and beneficial use. Not so exciting, perhaps, but much more effective.

"The art of running the mile," said the first sentence of the first paragraph of the lead story of the first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, "consists in essence of reaching the threshold of unconsciousness at the instant of breasting the tape. . . . The runner must harbor strength to answer the moves of other men before expending his last reserves in the war of the home stretch." Though it is doubtful if any reader either considered or cared about the fact in the excitement of that story, this sentence was much more than the opening line in a thrilling account of the running of the famed Miracle Mile at Vancouver; it was, in fact, this magazine's first official statement about a subject it has discussed in a variety of forms ever since. The subject is conservation, on which we have still more to say further on in this issue.

So what, somebody says, conservation is a fine and worthy subject and we're glad you're for it, but let's get on to the subject of sports—and right there is where we mean to pause for a moment and consider.

If there is a common fault shared by sportsmen of all stripes and sizes it may well lie in the pejorative tendency of each of them to consider his own the one sport that matters. Thus there may be many well-intentioned and earnest sportsmen at Tanforan, say, or Hialeah who consider conservation the concern only of some kind of nuts who probably want to turn all the nation's race tracks into refuges for the whooping crane.

There are most certainly other more generous sportsmen and even nonsportsmen who consider conservation worthy largely for sentimental reasons, such as the preservation of old beauty in a museum or rare animals in a zoo. There are still others who believe it vital to preserve a mountain slope but not so important to save a seashore. And others too who believe conservation is only for hunters or only for picnickers or only for the preservation of the giant sequoia forests.

This magazine believes devoutly in conservation not only because it means more room to play in, better views to look at and a greener land to live in, but because the principle it represents is the essence of sport itself, the point and purpose of its being. Every athlete who disciplines his body to perform in joyous response and with maximum effect to his mental command is a practicing conservationist. His whole instinct, whether he is aware of it or not, is against the profligacy of waste and spoliation. His response to this instinct makes of him a whole man, and for his home he needs a whole land, a land carefully trained and conditioned in all its aspects as he is to fill his infinite needs.

If conservation meant only the assurance of room to relax in for those with nothing better to do with their time, there might well be arguments to oppose it on the ground that the nation is too relaxed already. A conservation that meant merely a prevalence of tennis courts over vacant lots, of golf courses over swamps and housing developments, of scenic vistas over factories and roadside advertising might well be discounted as a too-expensive luxury. But in our view conservation goes far deeper than that; it means to the civilized land what fitness means to the educated body, and in essence what the idea of sport itself means to the human spirit: a wholeness of mind and body.

Perhaps better than anything so far written on the subject, Henry Romney's two-part study of what he calls social conservation, which begins on page 72, illuminates a new and vastly encouraging national attitude toward the physical fitness of the nation's own resources. This is an attitude which, for the first time in our knowledge, looks at conservation as an effort to secure a "whole land" for the "whole man."

We hail its advent. In essence, it represents what we are talking about all the time. END

A CASE AGAINST SENTIMENTALITY

Indulgent owners of savage dogs got a lesson last week from a New Jersey death

WHEN 16-year-old Aldo Iulo approached the offices of the Aufdemberg Kennels in Northvale, N.J. early last Saturday morning his way was blocked by 100 pounds of raging, snarling dog. Behind the dog Aldo could see a woman's body.

The boy, a kennel employee who had fed the dog on occasion and knew it well, fought a panicky desire to run. Instead he took a sandwich from the lunch he was carrying, offered it to the animal and edged his way slowly to the safety of the kennel office.

Once inside he summoned help, reporting what had been dreadfully evident from the moment he walked up the driveway: Aufdemberg's Warrior, purebred Doberman pinscher, one-time show dog, ribbon winner, favorite of his late master, and family house pet, had attacked and killed his mistress, Frances Tetreault, 50, owner of the Aufdemberg Kennels. The body of Mrs. Tetreault was sprawled in the doorway of her home. She had a deep slash wound of the throat. Teeth lacerations crisscrossed the arm she had used to try and protect herself. When the police arrived they executed the dog with a shotgun.

No one will ever know for certain what happened in Mrs. Tetreault's living room last Saturday but, looking back, it is possible to see clear warnings of disaster. Blackie, as the dog was known by the family, was the offspring of German-bred Grand Sgr. and Ch. Bordo V D Angelburg of Westphalia. Even as a puppy his personality displayed the quick temper and aggressiveness which is associated more with the German-bred strain of Doberman than with the more tractable American bloodlines of the same breed.

He was entered as a young dog in shows in several states but eventually withdrawn from all competition by the Tetreaults. One reason for this, according to friends of the family, was that the dog showed a "softness" of the back which limited his potential. The other reason: he was "difficult to handle."



SCENE OF THE CRIME, minus dead woman and executed Doberman, shows only victim's home and reflective police chief.

Albert Tetreault, who with his wife had been raising Dobermans for 20 years, made Blackie his personal pet. The dog slept at his bedside, lived in the house and was never penned with the score of other dogs at the kennels.

Two years ago Tetreault's health failed. Bed-ridden, he could not recognize people, or even his own dog. Blackie had no master, and the animal's irritability increased.

"I had a number of reports of people being bitten by this dog," said Mrs. Molly O. Farrell, president of the New Jersey Doberman Club in 1958–59. "He was mean," said Robert Williamson, an Aufdemberg Kennels employee. "A nervous dog," said a local veterinarian who had once treated Blackie.

"A year ago Mrs. Tetreault was told by a veterinarian that the dog should be disposed of," said Mrs. Farrell. "He was a big, rough beast. The only one who had ever seemed able to handle him was Al.

"I can't understand why a woman who had as much kennel experience with Dobermans as Frances would ever keep a dog in the house that she couldn't handle. You just don't do that. When dogs get that kind of meanness in them they must be destroyed. You have no choice."

Last December Albert Tetreault died. But Blackie remained the house pet. Just two weeks ago Mrs. Tetreault was visiting Robert Mullen, a Long Island breeder and exhibitor of Dobermans.

"She said Blackie had been acting more strangely in recent weeks," he said. "She said he had bared his fangs at her. I told her to get rid of the dog, or at least pen it in the kennel. But she reminded me the dog had been her husband's pet. I guess she couldn't do it. Maybe her sentimentality killed her."

For Doberman owners the bared fangs are a sort of Rubicon, a point in the master-animal relationship from which there is no turning back. When the Doberman bares its fangs at its owner, breeders say, it is too dangerous to keep as a pet.

Perhaps the best summary of the lesson to be learned from the Northvale tragedy comes in the words of John Behan, a nationally known trainer of Doberman pinschers. Said he in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in an article entitled *Darling or Devil* (May 12, 1958): "A Doberman must be trained to absolute obedience, ruled with a firm hand and mastered with unflinching authority. An owner who is not unconditionally confident in his own ability to handle the dog under all circumstances should look to another breed." **END**

INSPIRED BY MEN OF ACTION...



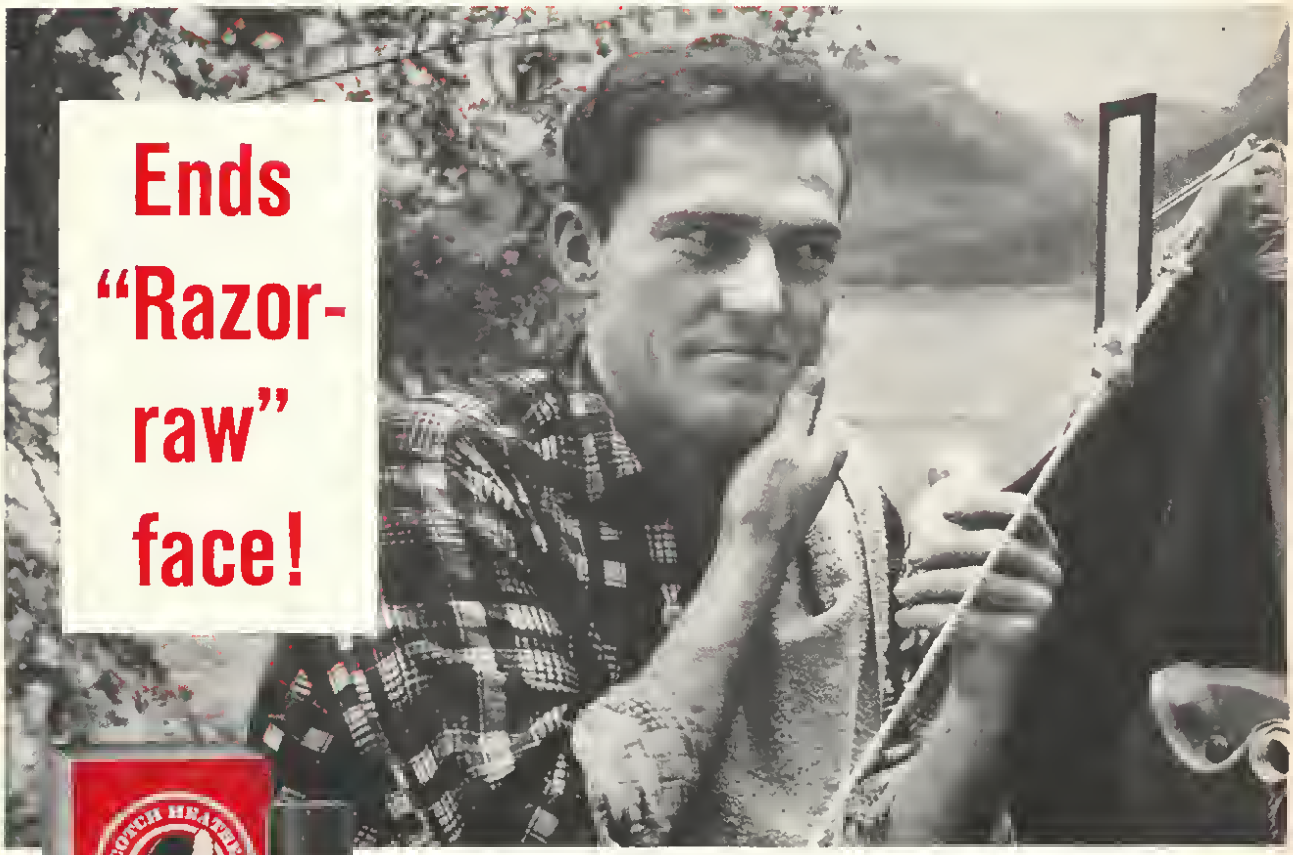
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IN HARD, TYPICALLY CANADIAN PLAY, MICHIGAN TECH'S KOSIANCIC DRIVES IN ON GOALIE KIRKWOOD IN FRONT OF DENVER'S NET

COLLEGE HOCKEY'S BEST

Denver's professionally smooth collegians won the NCAA title and skated themselves into a controversy

ON THE SURFACE, the semesters would seem dull at the University of Denver, for the football team has never played in a major bowl game, after 22 years the basketball team has yet to win a Skyline Conference championship, and the baseball team last won a district championship 12 long years ago. What then do the 6,000 students at the University of Denver have to concern themselves with? Firing the football coach? That more or less takes care of itself. In 59 years of football a new coach has strolled onto the campus at an average of once every 2.5 years.

No. Denver has its skiing team, which has won four national championships in the last six years. It also has a swimming team, which has splashed to victory in 53 of its last 60 meets. But most of all, it has its hockey team, which last week in Boston's frigid Arena won its second National Collegiate Athletic Association Championship in only its second try.

After Denver had slapped home two goals in the last 63 seconds to beat Michigan Tech 5–3, just about everyone was calling the Pioneers the finest collegiate hockey team ever assembled. Throughout a season which began two days after Thanksgiving, Denver seemed to be moving over the ice on jet blades. The team finished its regular season with 23 wins, four losses and three ties. Included in the record were tune-up games with the Olympic teams. Denver beat the U.S. 7–5, then tied it 5–5. The Denverites also won over Germany 6–1, Sweden 5–3, and tied Russia 2–2.

In the western playoffs earlier this month Denver defeated Colorado College and thus joined Michigan Tech (which had administered three of Denver's four defeats), St. Lawrence and Boston University in the championship-round play in Boston.

On Friday Denver met Boston University, a team that many thought Denver would handle quite casually. But BU got a superb goal-tending job from Harry Urbanski and trailed Denver by only 5–4 with four minutes left in the game. Methodically Denver moved back and protected its own goalie, George Kirkwood, as fiercely as a mother bear defends her cubs. A minute later Denver's Conrad Collie slipped forward to slash home a goal and Denver moved to the finals to meet Michigan Tech, which had humiliated St. Lawrence 13–3 two days earlier.

On Tuesday, four days before the championships, Denver's coach, 43-year-old Murray Armstrong, had confidently called Boston's Kenmore hotel to arrange a victory celebration to begin immediately after Denver had won its championship. But Michigan Tech had some thoughts of victory itself. During a break in the first period, with Denver ahead 2–0, a voice on the public address system announced, "All fans and friends of Michigan Tech are invited to the victory celebration at the Kenmore." Whose victory he didn't specify, but in the second period, Michigan Tech made moves to insure its sponsorship of the party. Two minutes and 10 seconds apart, Tech scored goals. It added another with a minute of the period left to go ahead 3–2.

Shortly after the third period began, Denver's 22-year-old defense-

man, George Konik, gathered the puck near his own cage and with two forwards as decoys started driving up ice. He slapped a rising 25-foot shot that caught the upper left-hand corner of the net. Denver had tied the game 3–3 with only two and a half minutes of the third period gone.

Sixteen minutes after that Denver scored what was to be the winning goal when John MacMillan, its fast-skating 23-year-old captain, took a pass from Defenseman Marty Howe and fired a clear shot at Michigan Tech's goalie, George Cuculick, who made a save. MacMillan swooped down on the rebound and loosed another shot at Cuculick, which struck the goalie on the arm before caroming into the net.

Michigan Tech pulled Cuculick out of the nets to give Michigan Tech six functioning forwards, but Denver's MacMillan found the open cage, with 12 seconds remaining, and Denver had its championship. Immediately two Denver undergraduates jumped onto the ice and hoisted aloft a red and yellow banner which read, DENVER UNIVERSITY, 1959–60 NCAA CHAMPIONS—a banner that obviously had been ordered well in advance.

Some others at Boston were not quite so pleased with Denver's victory and felt that more than the banner--perhaps the team itself—had also been ordered well in advance. Thirty-three of the 35 players on the rosters of Denver and Michigan Tech were either born in Canada or got their hockey training there. NCAA hockey coaches who objected to the lineups were not against Canadians because they were foreigners but because they had been snapped up by Denver and Tech teams from the tough, professional (maximum pay $75 a week) Junior A hockey in Canada. Junior A is about equivalent to Class D baseball in the U.S. and serves similarly as a collection of farm clubs for the professionals. The coaches of 24 hockey-playing colleges voted 19-5 for a proposal that players who had competed in a league that paid any of its players be made ineligible for play in the U.S. The recommendation will now go to the chairman of the collegiate rules committee for action. But before serious action is taken, the rules committee will probably remember where next year's championships are to be played—in Denver. **END**



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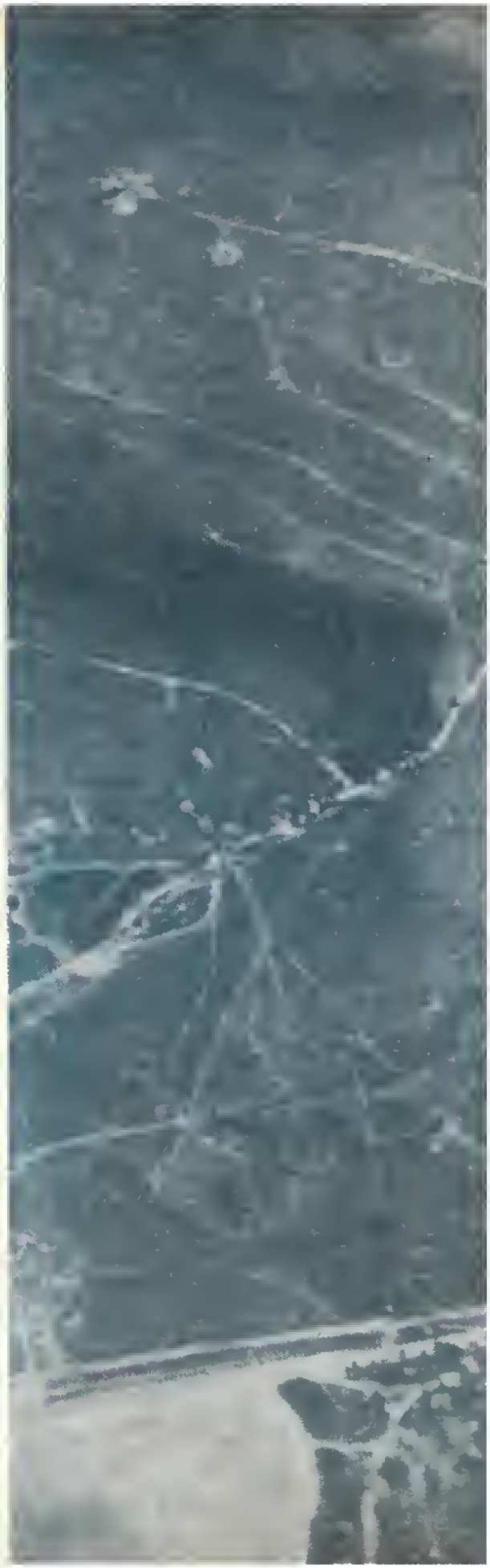
SPECTACLE

Photographed by Edward Gray



FINE ART OF FALLING

FIVE YEARS AGO the U.S. played only a token part in the European sport of sky diving. Today from Alaska to Florida there are 110 sky diving clubs, and good, stable free falls like that performed by Bob McDonnell of the Batavia, N.Y. Genesee Sky Divers (*right*) are becoming a common sight. Five years ago in this country the ability to do a single figure eight while dropping at 120 miles an hour was the mark of a master. Today, in competition, the jumper does not even know what maneuver he must execute until he is falling through thin air. The officials 6,600 feet below will uncover a panel instructing him to perform one of three different maneuvers involving six full circles and three complete changes of direction, and then a back-flip, all within 30 seconds before pulling his rip cord at 2,500 feet.





BLOSSOMS IN THE AIR

Using the drab, conventional parachutes readily available five years ago, U.S. pioneers of the budding sport were lucky to hit a 200-foot circle from 2,500 feet up. Today, with the bright, new open-gore chutes shown on these pages, a good man can steer himself to a target half the size. Using the very latest dirigible models, a champion can hit within 15 feet of target center five times out of five.











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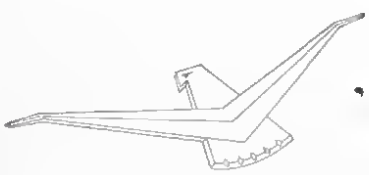
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Hackle for Body Fly

Color photograph by Richard Jefferey

On eastern streams and on the wilder waters of the West, Angler James Leisenring, who died in 1951, was known as a master of wet-fly fishing. In this issue, Leisenring's old friend and companion angler, Vernon Hidy, in collaboration with Champion Fly Caster Johnny Dieckman and Artist Anthony Ravielli, begins a three-part series on Leisenring's trout-tested techniques based on many lessons learned from him at streamside



ANGLER JAMES LEISENRING (1878-1951)

The Art of Fishing with the Wet Fly

TROUT FISHERMAN James Leisenring's life was a bachelor's odyssey that took him from his Delaware Valley home to the more primitive waters tumbling out of the Rockies and the Sierra. East and West, anglers remember him fondly: a tall, bronzed man with piercing brown eyes sensitive to all that was happening in and along a stream. He could shoot a Quill Gordon upstream with a flick of his rod or bring it alive with shorter casts along the bank under the hemlocks. Most of the time, when the wiser trout would not rise to a dry, he would knot on a jewel-small wet fly with the bewitching qualities of a swimming nymph or insect. Maneuvering it ever so carefully, he could make the fly become deadly, as if bringing some magic out of feathers and fur.

Even 30 years ago, when the dry fly was the overwhelming choice among experts, the wet fly was Leisenring's favorite. It enabled him to fish a great deal more water, imitate a wider range of insect life and thus deceive more trout. A nimble-fingered fly tier and a strategist solidly grounded in stream ecology, he combined in some of his flies the subtle colors and qualities of nymph forms of insects. Then, after studying their clambering, crawling behavior under water, he devised a technique that imitated their trout-teasing struggle up through the water to the surface as they were hatching. Here was a golden moment, Leisenring found, to hook trout, since they naturally feed beneath the surface most of the time.

In addition to one small book on the specifics of fly-tying, Leisenring left behind a bounty of unpublished wisdom, some of it in letters and notes, but most of it demonstrated on streams and lakes to such friends as Vernon Hidy of Portland, Oregon, an excellent angler in his own right. It is from Leisenring's notes and lessons learned at streamside that this three-part course in the art of wet-fly fishing derives. Part One is concerned with the fundamentals of casting and the tackle advocated by Leisenring. In subsequent issues, Hidy applies the strategy evolved by Leisenring to conditions found on various types of water and shows the methods Leisenring used to tie the small wet flies that trout relish.

For any skeptic who feels that some facet of Leisenring's technique is no more than whim or eccentricity, this course is based on one simple truth: it has been trout-tested. The only critics Leisenring respected in his 60 years of intensive angling were the trout; the judges whose opinions he valued most were the leaping rainbows and the sullen browns fighting downstream, hook in jaw.

CONTINUED



ANTHONY RAVIELLI



VERNON S. HIDY



JOHNNY DIECKMAN

ORIGINAL BOOK OF COLOR-CODED FLY-TYING MATERIALS USED BY MASTER ANGLER LEISENRING

Learning to Cast



AS IN MOST FORMS of angling, the first essential of wet-fly fishing is competent casting. Though obvious to anyone who has done any sort of fresh-water casting, it is worth stating here that accuracy rather than distance is the initial goal. Distance will come in time. Meanwhile, the wet-fly novice who masters accurate casts of 35 feet will take fish on almost any stream. When you first attempt the basic overhead cast (*pages 54–55*), you will go through the motions in a simple, mechanical way. Gradually your casts will become a graceful, rhythmic, fluid action executed subconsciously, much as a sports car driver shifts gears by "feel," unmindful of the mechanics involved. To carry the analogy a step further, your choice of fly rod is as purposeful a decision as his choice of car is for a driver: your rod commits you to a certain action and style.

A fly rod with stiff action is usually the choice of the dry-fly man, who prefers heavy line enabling him to cast greater distances. A softer-action rod, because of the smoothness and evenness of the action and the sensitivity inherent in it, is traditionally preferred by anglers fishing the delicate wet fly. If your aim is to take fish and, like Leisenring, you want one rod that will be suitable for a variety of conditions, you will compromise by selecting one of medium action. With such a sensitive yet powerful all-purpose rod, you can cast a dry or a wet fly by merely changing the fly and the leader connecting it to the line. Medium-action rods from seven to nine feet long are available in either bamboo or glass. Where do you plan to fish? For small streams, where distance is secondary to accuracy, the shorter, lighter rod is preferable, affording you a maximum of sport. On large streams and lakes, where distance is often necessary, the longer rod is preferable because of its greater power.

In the choice between manually operated and automatic reels, the simpler, manual, narrow-frame reel

is perhaps preferable. The automatic reel retrieves line at the touch of a finger, and some anglers want this time-saving feature when fishing big water. Whichever you choose, your reel should not be so heavy that you notice its weight while casting, yet large enough to hold casting line and 50 yards of backing line for playing large fish.

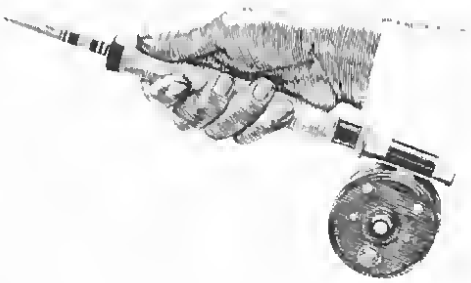
Although there is a detailed analysis of lines and leaders farther along in this article (*page 59*), a brief discussion is nevertheless in order here since, when you first try the overhead cast on a lawn, you should select a line that works well with your rod. Of the three types of lines used in wet-fly fishing, double-tapered line is unquestionably the best for all-round effectiveness. Double-tapered line starts with a small diameter at one end, gradually increases thickness to a midsection of larger diameter, then tapers off again at the other end. Only one tapered end and the level midsection serve in a cast—when the casting end becomes worn, reverse the line and use the other end.

Double-tapered lines come in a variety of thicknesses and, in general, the thicker, heavier lines are easier to cast. But here, since the only critic that counts is the trout, a compromise is necessary. From the trout's point of view, a fine, light line is better. It touches and enters the water with a minimum of disturbance, is itself less noticeable in the water and casts less shadow on the bottom. From his vast experience, Leisenring came to know that all such disturbances may register on the trout's radar. The popular HDH gauge line calipering .045 inch in the midsection and tapered to .025 inch at the ends is easy to cast, but Leisenring preferred a lighter line tapering from .035 inch to .020 inch. The leaders today, of gut, nylon or platyl, are tapered, the smallest diameter being the end section, or tippet, to which the fly is attached. Again, deferring to the sensitivity of the trout, Leisenring recommended a light leader, eight or nine feet long, tapering from .013 to .006 inch at the tippet.

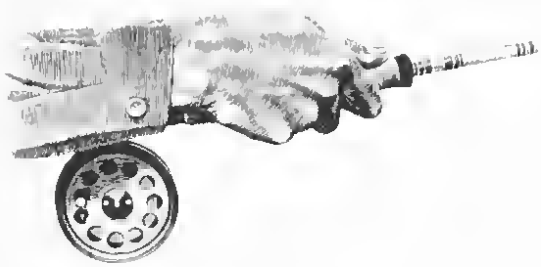
Just because stylists like Leisenring lay down exacting requirements for equipment, you need not infer that either you or the equipment must be perfection itself before you will take fish. It is reassuring to know that experts stress the importance of short, accurate casts—such as you will first learn—as the best way, by and large, to take fish. Leisenring believed that the angler should make as short a cast as the situation permits, not only to maintain accuracy but to enable the fly to touch the water before the leader and to minimize slack in the line. Some experts have maintained that the moment when a fly touches is the only moment at which a trout will take an artificial fly for a live one. Leisenring disagreed heartily with this; in his long life on streams he amply proved there are other important moments. In subsequent installments we will cover the techniques Leisenring evolved to create such moments. For the present, your first step is to take rod in hand, as shown directly below, and practice the cast demonstrated on the next two pages.

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The Grip

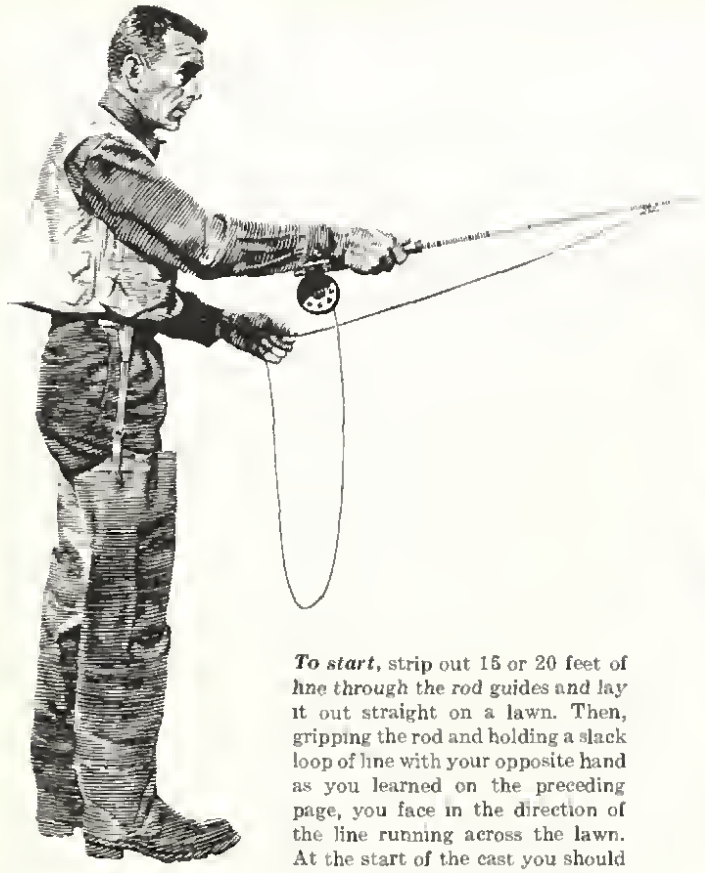


To achieve a proper grip for casting, lay the rod handle, holding palm up, across the second joints of the fingers and close the hand. Then, rotating the wrist until the hand is in the position shown in the drawings above and below, press the thumb down on the handle. Be sure to keep thumb on top; its placement is essential in melding your action to that of the rod. Notice that the rod is gripped so that the reel extends below the hand in a vertical plane.





Position of the opposite hand (that is, the left hand of a right-handed caster) is also important; the angler constantly uses it to increase or decrease the amount of line in the air, on the water or in the water. This hand is also used to retrieve line when maneuvering a wet fly. As you start the overhead cast, the line should be hanging in a slack loop, held by the opposite hand at waist level, as shown in the drawing above. Now turn the page to start learning the basic movements of the overhead cast.



To start, strip out 15 or 20 feet of line through the rod guides and lay it out straight on a lawn. Then, gripping the rod and holding a slack loop of line with your opposite hand as you learned on the preceding page, you face in the direction of the line running across the lawn. At the start of the cast you should be holding the fly rod in such a way that the tip is raised slightly above a line parallel to the ground.



The Overhead Cast

THE OVERHEAD CAST is the first one you learn because it is the method of presenting a fly that you will use most often. Moreover, it embodies the same basic principles as the sidearm cast and the forward part of the roll cast, which you will learn later. Many experts used to cast with the elbow pressed against the side, most of the power stemming from the wrist. The modern technique advocated here, however, involving freer action of the whole arm, gives greater accuracy and is less tiring to the wrist. The arm, wrist and hand move much as they would if you were hammering a nail, with wrist movement minimized to maintain control of the rod and preserve accuracy. When actually presenting a fly to the water, you execute the complete action shown in sequence on these pages. To feed out more line or to dry a fly you will often "false-cast." This involves following the action through the fourth illustration of this sequence but beginning a second backcast just before the fly touches the water. If you are lengthening line, in the forward part of each false cast you release some or all of the line you have been holding in your opposite hand.

Slowly raise the rod by lifting the upper arm and at the same time bending the elbow to bring the forearm toward your face. At this point the opposite hand holds the line securely so that no slack line slips through the guides as you raise the rod. Above this illustration and each subsequent illustration in this action sequence, Artist Ravielli has diagramed the lively, whiplike action of the rod and the flowing course your line will follow through the air when you learn to execute the actions reasonably well.



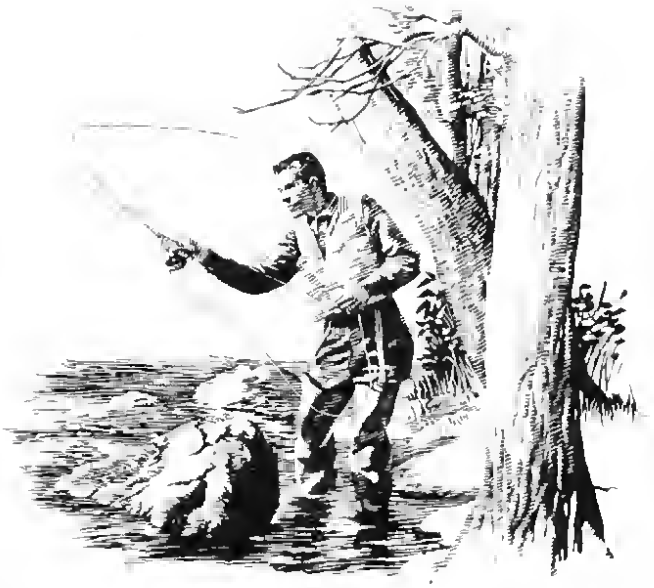
Third step in the overhead cast is to lift the line up off the ground. As you slowly raise the rod, when your forearm and rod are at an angle of about 45° to the ground (*shadow outline*), give a smart lift and then immediately stop when forearm is nearly vertical. If you do this smoothly, the line will rise from the ground and move up and back. As the line continues backward, relax the wrist somewhat so that the rod drifts backward slightly. You will feel a tug as the line straightens out behind you.

Forward part of the cast begins as soon as the line straightens out behind. The instant this happens, slowly start to lower the upper arm while pushing forward with the forearm. Through the flection of the rod you will feel that you are pulling the line forward. As the movement continues, the rod enters the power zone. When your arm and rod approach the 45° position, push hard with your thumb and wrist. This causes the upper part of the rod to drive the line forward in a very tight loop.

As line straightens out in front of you, release the slack line held by your other hand and the momentum pulls it forward through the guides. As the line shoots through the guides, your rod should be back at starting position. As the line falls, raise the rod tip slightly. This will not only put the fly down better, but the slight angle gives you a margin of safety: the flection of the rod cushions the shock if a trout hits immediately. A fish with a direct pull on the line very likely will break the tippet.

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The Sidearm Cast

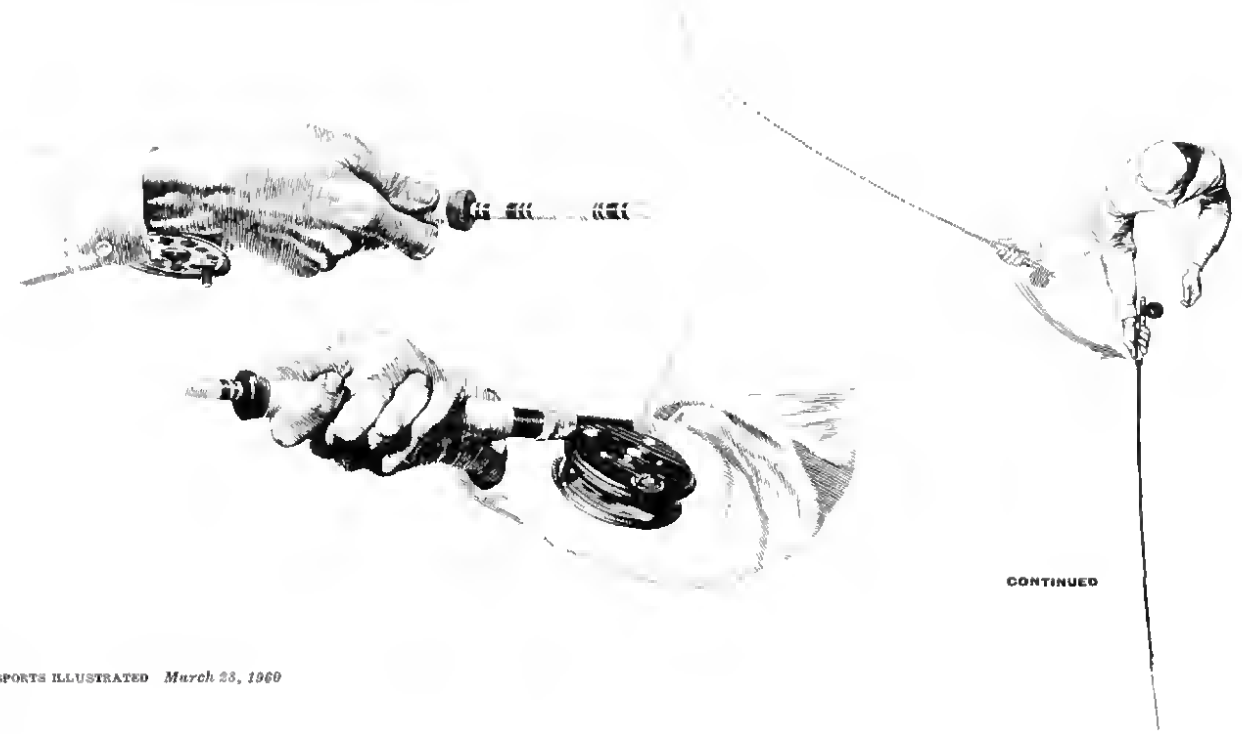


OFTEN TREES or high banks or other obstructions along a stream prevent you from executing the back part of an overhead cast. In such cases, where there is clearance to the side, you can cast sidearm so that the line travels over the water in a horizontal plane, rather than vertically overhead. In sidearm casts you forfeit some accuracy and distance, but you can usually maneuver into a position which will allow you to present the fly in likely spots to take fish. In some cases, even when there is overhead clearance behind you, the sidearm is the only way of getting a fly under brushy overhang and other inaccessible places favored by trout and too often ignored by casual anglers. In steep canyons, too, when the wind is running strong, sidearm casts can help you.

Grip for the sidearm cast is similar to that for overhead casting, except that your rod and hand are rotated about 90°. Thus, the thumb is no longer on top but to the outside, lying in the plane of the horizontal, sweeping action you are about to perform. As the hand is rotated to effect this position, the reel now lies nearly horizontal. Discounting the slight effect gravity has on a line moving horizontally, the course of your line in the horizontal plane when you cast sidearm is identical to the course of the line in the vertical plane when you cast overhead. You can begin learning the sidearm cast on a lawn or on a stream. If you start on a stream you should first try it in an open area, where you can pay out some line first with overhead casts. Then, when you have the sidearm cast learned at least mechanically, you can try it in an obstructed area, where a good deal more finesse will be required.

At the start, you face the direction in which you intend to cast, with the casting arm extended but not straight or stiff. Your upper arm should be sloping down at an angle of about 45°, the forearm and rod extended and slanting up a few degrees from horizontal. If you are a right-hander your rod and forearm should be pointing a little to the right of the direction in which you intend to cast.

In the sidearm cast, as shown below in Ravielli's drawing looking straight down on the caster, you swing your arm back until your forearm and rod reach a point roughly at right angles to the starting position. As you start this backward sweep, your wrist should be stiff so that forearm and rod move as a unit. But about midway in the sweep back, you flex your wrist to the rear to power the line backward. When the line straightens out behind you —you will feel the tug on the rod—begin the forward cast, sweeping arm and rod back toward the starting position. In the first part of the return arc, the wrist remains flexed rearward. About midway, by straightening the wrist and pressing with your thumb, you shove the rod forward. This action, as in the overhead cast, will cause the rod tip to flip the line in a tight loop toward the intended target.



CONTINUED



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Lines, Leaders and Knots

IF YOU CARE TO, you can begin learning the sidearm cast demonstrated on the preceding page on a stream or pond rather than a lawn. In any case, the third cast in your repertoire, the roll cast shown on the following pages, can best be learned on a stream. There you will need to know how to tie the knots joining line, leader and fly. So here, before you reach the water, are some facts to guide you.

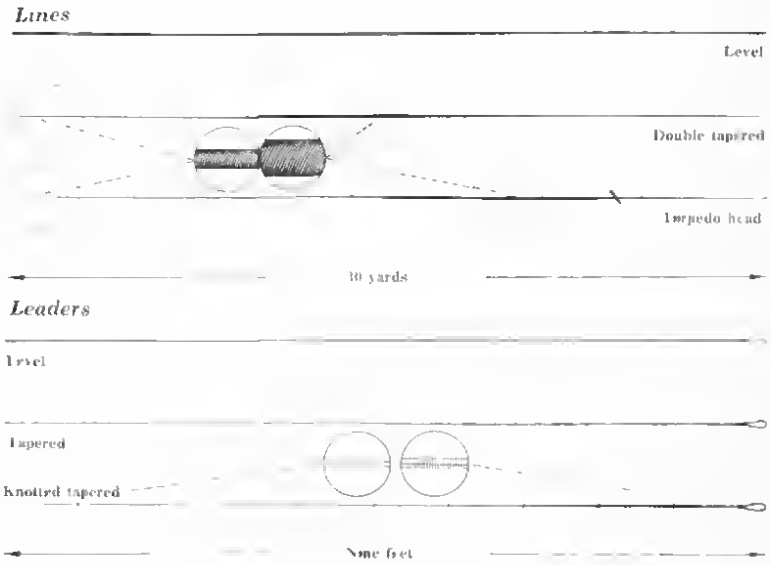
Lines

Of the three types of line available, in our discussion of basic equipment earlier we recommended double-tapered line as the best for general use. There is another, cheaper type of line known as level line, which, as the name implies, has no taper. The most that can be said for level line is that it will do in various situations but is not really good for any. The third type, torpedo-head line, is a tapered line with a thick, heavy section near the forward end, which pulls the rest of the line through the guides more readily. Designed for distance, the torpedo head will cast accurately but with less finesse than the more delicate double taper.

Line thicknesses are usually not specified in thousandths of an inch but by letters of the alphabet designating specific thicknesses, thus:

B = .055 inch	F = .035 inch
C = .050 inch	G = .030 inch
D = .045 inch	H = .025 inch
E = .040 inch	I = .020 inch

Applying this alphabetical gauge to Leisenring's choice of line—.035 in midsection tapering to .020 at each end—the thickness would be F in the midsection, tapering to I at each end, and the total designation of the line would be IFI. In general, the makeup of the various types of lines used in wet-fly fishing is as shown in compressed form in the diagram here.



Leaders

As with line, more delicacy of presentation is achieved with a tapered rather than with a level leader. The thicker end of a tapered leader is connected to the line; the smaller end, the tippet, is tied to the fly. Today such synthetics as nylon and platyl come in knotless, tapered lengths. These serve well, but some very experienced anglers still like traditional gut: it seems to cast better and it does sink better. And although knotless, tapered leaders are now available, many prefer knotted leaders made up of 10- or 12-inch lengths of different thicknesses, tied in diminishing sequence to achieve a taper. Leader material varies in thickness and also in strength. Thicknesses are designated as 2x, 3x, 4x and so forth, with "x" equaling .010 inch, 1x equaling .009 inch, 2x equaling .008 inch, and so on.

Leisenring preferred gut, eight or nine feet long, tapering to a 3x or 4x tippet.

Knots

Of the variety of knots that anglers use, those illustrated below will do the whole job of combining all of the essential elements as you normally will use them.



Perfection loop: With this loop tied in the end of the leader, you will need only a simple jam knot to connect leader to line. Loop should be about ½ inch in diameter.



Jam knot: Here is a simple, fast and reliable way of connecting the line to the perfection loop tied in the end of the leader.



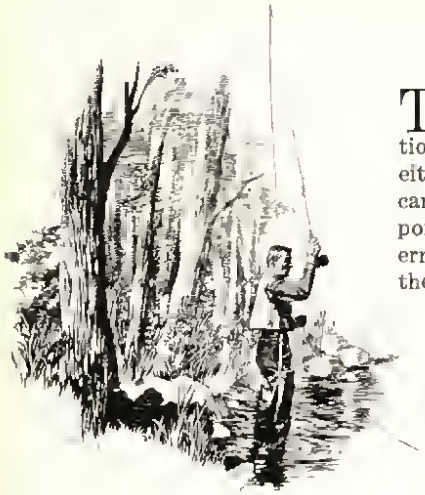
Blood knot: Used to join sections of level leader material of varying thicknesses in diminishing order for a tapered leader.



Turle knot: Used to connect the leader tippet to the fly. In using gut, the knot is tied as it is shown here; but with platyl or nylon, in order to prevent any slipping, tuck the end back through loop once more before drawing the knot tight.

CONTINUED

The Roll Cast



THE ROLL CAST is a particular necessity when trees or other obstructions do not give you clearance for either overhead or sidearm casts. It can also be useful in placing a fly at a point directly upwind from the fisherman. Beyond these obvious values, there are others: there is a minimum of arm and rod movement to telegraph your presence to the fish, and the film of water on fly and leader is less disturbed by the roll cast, so that both sink more cleanly as they are put down on the surface. Also, when fishing deep, often you tempt fish by causing your fly to rise. You do this

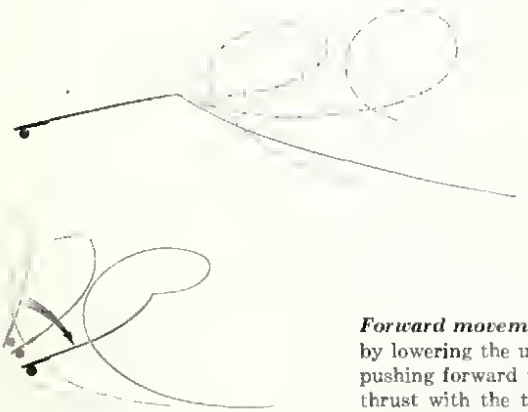
As you begin the roll cast, the wrist is held stiff, as in the overhead, so that forearm and rod are a single working unit. At the start of a cast, lift the rod by raising your upper arm and forearm as shown in the drawing below. You carry this motion on through at a *slow* speed until the forearm and rod are overhead and actually inclining slightly to the rear. At this point you should make a definite pause, so the line which has been pulled toward you through the water now hangs slack near your side. The wrist should remain slightly relaxed.





For the roll cast you take the same grip on the rod as for the overhead cast. Start with about 20 feet of line on the water at your feet, preferably on the side of your casting arm. Keep a little line slack—three or four feet of it—between your other hand and the reel, as shown in the drawing above. From this simple beginning you can make casts of up to 50 feet, following the sequence of action explained here, using the other hand to strip out more line from the reel at the completion of each cast.

by raising your rod vertically, and from this position the most convenient cast is another roll cast. For other reasons equally important, which we will cover in discussing stream strategy in the next issue, the roll cast, although not so accurate as other casts, nor as good for distance, is a valuable part of your casting repertoire. In the roll cast, as the name implies and the diagrams below indicate, you draw the line toward you as you raise your rod. Then with a sudden motion of the arm you roll the line back out over the water. While you can start learning the overhead and sidearm casts on a lawn, you should start trying the roll cast on a stream or, better yet, on a still pond, where the smooth, even resistance of the water against the line helps achieve a satisfactory cast.



Forward movement of the cast is started by lowering the upper arm suddenly while pushing forward with the forearm. Give a thrust with the thumb as the arm moves forward, as in the overhead cast, so that the rod tip will flip the line into a curling loop which will roll out over the water. The rod and line action for the start of the forward cast are diagramed at left. Final movements of rod and line are above.



Next Week: Stream Strategy

The three basic casts you have learned will serve you well in solving a variety of stream problems. But where do you find trout in these streams? And when you know where the trout may be, how do you gain the narrow advantages that are often the difference between spooking and tempting a trout? Next week we present the lessons in stream strategy as James Leisenring learned them in a lifetime of fishing.



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No relief for Larry

The Dodgers' World Series hero wants to move out of the bullpen and into a starting pitcher's role. The trouble is, Manager Alston doesn't think much of the idea

IN THE five months since he induced Al Smith to hit a fly ball into Wally Moon's glove for the last out of the 1959 World Series, Larry Sherry has eaten his way through 15,000 banquet miles, doubled his salary, gained 15 pounds and become a starting pitcher. Walt Alston, who manages the Dodgers, isn't so sure about that last item.

"If the rest of our relief pitching comes around all right," said Alston last week, as he watched the rain and an occasional hailstone bounce off the windows of the Dodger clubhouse in Vero Beach, Fla., "then Sherry will get a chance to start. But the whole thing is complicated. In the first place, how do I know whether he'll be as good starting as he was relieving? I don't see how he can be. It's a cinch he won't be any better.

"But say that he does all right. I've already got six starting pitchers: Dryscale, Craig, Podres, Koufax, Williams, McDevitt. If Sherry starts, one of them has to go to the bullpen. And that guy probably won't be as good a relief pitcher as he is a starter. I know he won't be as good a relief pitcher as Sherry is. But Larry wants to be a starter, so I'll give him a chance. Beyond that, we'll just have to wait and see."

"It's not the dough," says Sherry, who knows that relief pitchers who win pennants and World Series and make guys like Walter O'Malley a pot of money do not have to go around in secondhand suits. "It's the arm. I figure a starter, working in regular rotation, sticking to a schedule, can last an extra five years. In relief you're jumping up and down all the time; you pitch two innings one day, six the next, you're off a couple of days, you pitch eight innings, you pitch one out. And the better you pitch, the more they use you. That can wear a man out. If I was 30 I wouldn't care. But I'm only 24 and I'd like to stick around up here for a long time. My arm didn't bother me any last year, but you never know. Remember, I was a relief pitcher for only about two months. Until last August, I hadn't relieved half a dozen times in my entire life."

For a beginner, Sherry did all right. Called up to the Dodgers on the Fourth of July ("I was only 6 and 7 at St. Paul, but I lost a couple of close games and I was leading the association in strikeouts, so I guess they figured I was pitching pretty good"), he started twice, right off the bat, and lost both games—2–1 to the Cubs, both runs unearned, and 4–3 to the Reds. After that, Sherry didn't lose another game. He won seven, saved three others. His last start was against the Pirates in Los Angeles on September 11, a six-hit shutout in which he struck out 11 and walked only one. All the others were in relief.

IN CAMP, SHERRY WALKS WITH DAUGHTER SUZIE, WIFE SALLY



Once he came in to bail out Johnny Podres with one out in the first inning at St. Louis, the Cardinals leading 3–0, Sherry gave up seven hits, no runs, hit a home run and two singles, drove in three runs and the Dodgers won 4–3. "I was real proud of that one," he says. "Usually I don't hit that well." He pitched 7⅔ scoreless innings to beat the Braves in the first playoff game, and of course he finished every game that the Dodgers won in the Series, winning two himself, saving two others. Through those two remarkable months of relief pitching, Sherry's earned run average read as though it had come out of a broken adding machine: 0.73. The Dodgers, who paid him only the major league minimum of $7,500 when they called him up from St. Paul, rewarded him with a $15,000 contract this spring.

Sherry, therefore, does not go around sneering at relief pitching. It is just that he wants to start. "If I can't I'll pitch wherever Walt needs me. But at least I want the chance. I think a pitcher gets more satisfaction out of starting a game and finishing what he started than he does by finishing up somebody else's job. Thrills? No, I don't guess I could have any more thrills. I don't see how anything could be more exciting than last year."

A PITCH, A PENNANT

Actually, for excitement, the World Series was not in the same class with the regular season for Sherry. "The Series," he says, "was kind of anticlimactic. When I came up last summer, it seemed like every pitch meant a ball game, maybe the pennant. I was awfully tense. I was wondering if I was going to be able to get anybody out. But then I got a few guys on bad pitches and I told myself, 'Hey, this isn't so bad.' So then I got a few out on good pitches and after that I was all right. I could quit shaking and start to think about pitching. Still, it was pretty tough. I remember two days in a row, in the Coliseum, I had to go into the game with the bases loaded and Henry Aaron at bat. You can't get into a tougher situation than that.

"So when we got in the Series and had seven whole games to fool around with, it seemed like a picnic. Oh, I guess there was plenty of excitement, but maybe a lot of it was over my head. I didn't really realize what was going on like some of the older guys who have been around. It just seemed like a lot of fun to me. Of course, I had a lot of luck. Lollar being thrown out at the plate in that second game and that double-play ball in the third; it was really bit. If I had it all to do over again, I'd probably be scared."

Sherry's big pitch was the slider. "I had a pretty good fast ball and a big overhand curve, but I had trouble with my control. So in the winter of '58, down in Venezuela, I went to work on the slider. Nobody taught me. My brother Norm was catching me and he worked with me, but nobody really showed me how to throw it. I just learned by myself. I throw it real hard, just like I was throwing a fast ball. I can throw it right at the batter and it will break over the out-

continued



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side corner. It doesn't drop, it just breaks across. The main thing is, I can always get it over the plate."

This spring, if Sherry has had any trouble, it is because of his weight. "They've been giving me a rough time," he grinned, "but I think I'm all right. I went up to about 210—well, really it was closer to 215—during the winter. It wasn't the mashed potatoes so much; I made a lot of radio and TV appearances but only about 20 banquets, and I remembered what happened to Turley last year, so I didn't eat much. Actually, I didn't have much time to eat; I was too nervous worrying about having to make a speech. Eventually, after I got to where I could hang on to a mike for five minutes and tell a few jokes, it wasn't so bad and then maybe I did eat. Anyway, I worked out in L.A. three weeks before coming down here and I got down to 208. Now I'm at 200, and I think that's all right."

HOME COOKING

"You know, the real trouble is that this is the first year I've had my family down for spring training. Before, I was always trying so hard to make the ball club, I didn't have time for that. But this year I'll lose four or five pounds during a workout, then go home and Sally has fixed a big dinner and the five pounds are back on again.

"If anybody thinks I'm overconfident, though, that I'll let myself get too heavy and lose what I've got, they're crazy. Being up here is too important. Last June I was living in a little rented house in St. Paul. Today I'm about to buy a nice home in L.A. A real fine company, Eagle Clothes in Brooklyn, gave me a good off-season job and I went all over the country, making speeches for them and modeling. They gave me a complete wardrobe.

"People know me now. Back home in L.A., when I take my family out for dinner, people come up to me in the restaurant and ask how I'm doing and what about the Dodgers. And listen. I got into a cab in New York and the cabbie looked at me and said, 'Hey, ain't you that kid that was in the Series?' That's pretty good, having someone recognize you in New York." **END**



CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

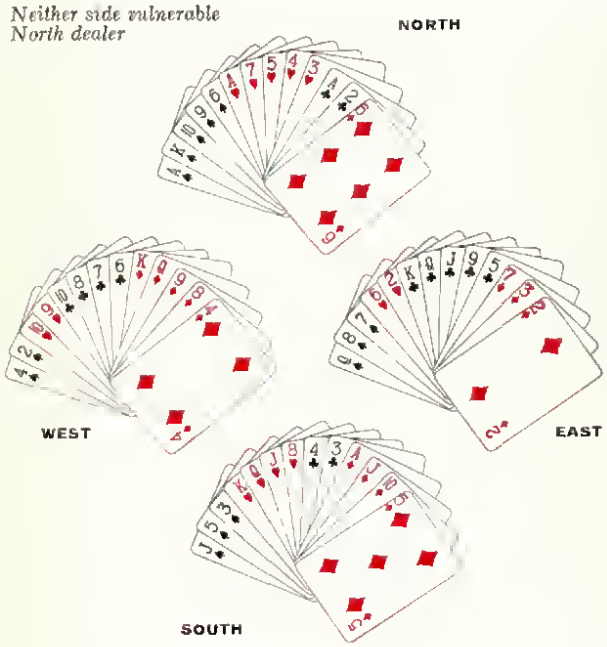
Good saws need teeth

AS THE COINER of an occasional maxim—for example, "An opening bid facing an opening bid equals game"—I have no wish to depreciate my own currency. But a maxim cannot be more than a general guide. For instance, it may be true, as the aphorists say, that "all roads lead to Rome," but it does not necessarily follow that everyone wants to go to Rome.

In bridge there are enough bidding maxims to pave several roads. On the one side are the old-line players who quickly bid what they think can be made, leaving the opponents as much in the dark as possible. On the other are the scientists who are so explicit in laying the groundwork for their contracts that they sometimes bar themselves from fulfillment. Both camps bolster their arguments with all the saws you would care to come by.

Somewhere in between, however, lies the sensible course. Let me illustrate:

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
6♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: diamond king

South won the diamond opening, drew trumps, and lost his spade finesse without being unduly concerned. East returned a club but this attack on South's vulnerable spot came too late—the spade suit was set up.

A victory for the "old school"? Yes and no. North bid the small slam without knowing whether or not it could be made, and at the same time he closed the door on the possibility of reaching a grand slam.

This hand was played in a practice team-of-four match, of which there are a lot these days, what with five American teams getting ready to travel the road, not to Rome, but to Turin, where the World Bridge Olympiad will be played late next month. At the other table this hand proved a dud for the scientific bidders when their auction went:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
4♣	DOUBLE	4♦	PASS
5♥	PASS	6♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

North's choice of the cue bid in clubs gave East the chance to double, announcing his strength in that suit. This so affected slam chances that North contented himself with bidding only five hearts. But South went on to the slam.

Even against the club lead, which, of course, West made as a result of his partner's double of that suit, South could have made the slam if the spade finesse had succeeded. But it didn't, and down he went. The total swing was 1,030 points (980 for making the slam and another 50 at the other table for defeating it) or a total of 8 International Match Points.

Actually, this was not a defeat for the scientific method per se. If the scientists wished to exchange complete information, North, instead of leaping to four clubs, could bid four no trump (Blackwood) and after hearing about South's ace, could continue with five no trump, asking for kings. South's announcement of only one king would dampen North's fire to some extent and make him satisfied with a small-slam contract—and since East never would have the chance to double clubs, the scientists would get the same favorable diamond lead that was made at the first table.

EXTRA TRICK

When you have every reason to envisage a slam contract, don't let the opponents get into the act, and, in a sense, "consult" about the opening lead. **END**



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Tip from the Top

MARY LENA FAULK, *Glen Arven CC, Thomasville, Ga.*

Strengthening the left arm

RECENTLY, when I was reading Henry Cotton's *This Game of Golf,* a book that delighted me with its many provocative thoughts on that inexhaustible subject, I was particularly struck by a short chapter about practicing with the left hand only.

Being a great believer in timing and rhythm, which a strong left side produces, I have taken Mr. Cotton's advice and have started practicing a left-hand swing with the wedge. It tells you a great deal. You can feel with marvelous clarity everything that happens in the swing, and you get a good feeling of contact with the ball. Right from the start, you discover another important plus: practice with the left hand alone makes you finish your swing. You can't possibly hit the ball unless you do.

Swinging with the left arm teaches an equally significant lesson. You find out the role the controlling left side plays in every phase of the swing and exactly how the movements of the left arm relate to the other parts of the body. To start with, it compels you to get set up correctly at address with your feet and legs positioned strongly. Otherwise, you can't even begin a golf swing. Throughout the swing, it reinforces facts you had previously known but never appreciated so keenly. You are more certain than ever, for instance, that when you sway off the ball you can't get back to it. In the end, when you begin to swing with both hands again, you find that everything—everything that should be in the swing—has become more clearly defined.



NEXT TIP: *Fred Novak on the open stance on bunker shots*

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ON DINING TERRACE in casuarina grove overlooking the beach of Paradise Point, George A. Lyon Jr. is presented with stuffed bonefish by his chief houseboy, Edison. *Photograph by Richard Meek*

FOOD / *Mary Frost Mabon*

Fish of Paradise

THE BONEFISH has long been famous as a challenge to the skill of the salt-water angler. But most fishermen would be astonished to hear that this game fish of legendary fighting qualities makes a most excellent dish for the table. At the George A. Lyon family's Bahamian retreat on the island of North Bimini, stuffed bonefish is a special favorite, served with pride to visitors from the mainland.

George Lyon Jr. is president of Lyon Incorporated of Detroit, makers of stainless steel products, and a sportsman of wide-ranging enthusiasms (including sponsorship of a middleweight boxer of Bimini origin who goes by the euphonious ring name of Yama Bahama). Lyon and his father, the 78-year-old "Commodore," have entertained many of the nation's business leaders at Paradise Point, and many sports figures as well. Sam Snead, a man who seems dogged by luck, was a guest here in 1953 when he caught a world record bonefish on light tackle.

Stuffed bonefish is an invention of the Lyons' Bimini chef, Courtney Johnson. The fresh-caught fish is packed with a mixture of chopped vegetables, bread crumbs and seasonings, then baked in foil, to result in a marvelous contrast in textures. When served, the stuffing is soft, the fine-grained white meat of the fish firm and yet tender—slightly resistant to the tooth. The flavor is as delicate as Dover sole.

STUFFED BONEFISH (9 to 10 pounds)

Scale and clean the fish but do not remove head or tail. To prepare stuffing, combine 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 cup finely chopped onion, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper. Place in a skillet with 3/8 pound butter or margarine. Cook on a slow fire, uncovered, till vegetables are tender (about 20 minutes). Meanwhile, grate stale bread—half white, half brown bread—to make 2 cups of bread crumbs. Combine with the cooked vegetables, 2 raw eggs, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk and a little sherry, if desired. Stuff fish with this mixture and lace cavity with coarse thread sewn in zigzags.

Lay fish on a large sheet of aluminum foil with ¼ pound butter or margarine, cut in thin pieces, placed all over and around the fish. Wrap fish in the foil and rest in a shallow baking pan. Place in preheated 375° oven for 2 hours. Every 10 minutes throughout cooking undo the foil and baste the fish with accumulated juices. Pour one cup of water into bottom of pan and keep replenishing this water as it dries up, so that the foil-wrapped fish rests continually in a small amount of liquid. After the fish has cooked one hour, sprinkle heavily all over with paprika. After another hour, fish is ready to serve.

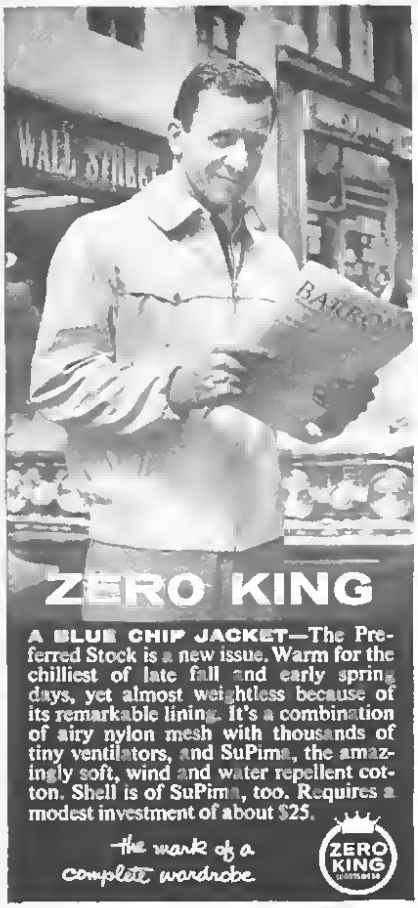


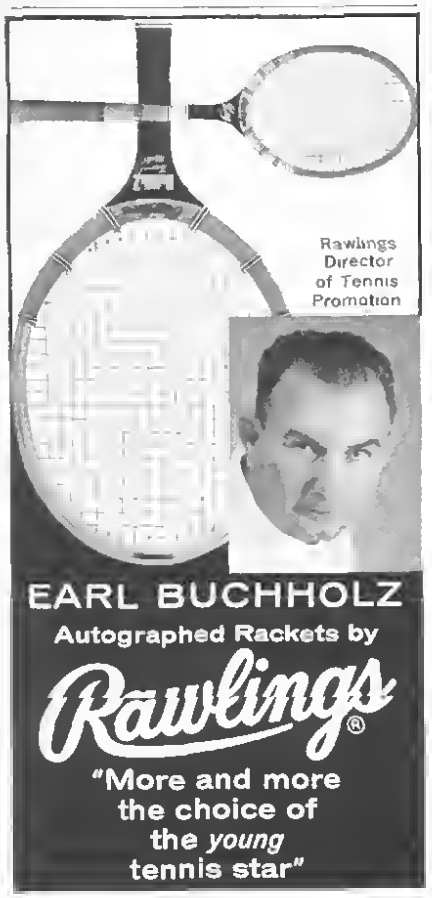
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BUCKEYES *continued from page 21*

points. Here Cincinnati made a series of costly errors that led to two quick baskets by Cal Guard Earl Schultz, and the game was over, with Cal winning 77–69. This was clearly a victory for defensive basketball, as taught so well by California's Coach Pete Newell. The ability to force Cincinnati into mistakes in ball handling had saved the day.

In the other semifinal Ohio State had an easy time of it in beating NYU 76–54. State impressed few observers that night, because NYU was obviously tense and jittery throughout the game and apparently out of its class. In the lobbies of the Palace Hotel the next day most of the coaches present were certain that California would have little trouble in beating Ohio State.

In the Cow Palace that night, however, State surprised them all, and also the oddsmakers who had established California as the favorite by five points. Few had taken into account some hard facts. Only three teams had beaten Ohio State this year—all three were road games, incidentally—and each time the opposing team had been obliged to score at least 96 points and, in two instances, make better than 53% of its shots. This State crew is a tall, rugged bunch of native Ohioans who have been playing basketball since elementary school days. They are cool, poised veterans, though several of the best are sophomores, and they are intelligently directed by their youthful coach, Fred Taylor.

State's Jerry Lucas is an agile, nerveless kid of 19 who plays 40 minutes of every game without changing his deadpan expression and seldom makes a mistake. When his team fast-breaks down the court, as it does at every opportunity, Lucas trails the leader and always manages to be hovering around the rim of the basket to stuff in the shot if it misses. On a team that boasts a flock of fine shooters, he is unusually accurate, with a delicately soft shooting touch. It was his particular task, in the final, to guard California's Darrall Imhoff, who had scored 25 points against Cincinnati the previous night. Lucas showed right at the start that he was equal to it.

California began poorly, as it had done against Cincinnati. It conceded two quick baskets and was soon behind 18–8. Lucas gave Imhoff room only when he was far away from the basket; in close, he was always between Imhoff and the ball. Actually, every one of the Ohio State players was beating Cal at Cal's own game—defense—at the same time State was on the way to an amazing shooting percentage.

In the first half, State took 19 shots and scored on 16. Lucas hit five out of six, Joe Roberts, Mel Nowell and Larry Siegfried sank all nine of their attempts. The team percentage was an incredible .842, while Cal's was .296. And the half-time score was Ohio State 37, Cal 19.



POINTING UP STRATEGY, Ohio State's youthful Coach Fred Taylor lectures his squad during time out at the Cow Palace.

Still, very few in the noisy capacity audience—most of them, to be sure, California partisans—and fewer of the coaches present were prepared to concede. Often enough in the past California had come out for a second half far behind, and its persistence in forcing rival errors had brought victory. Newell brought his team back into play with a crushing press defense, and within five minutes Cal scored 10 points to Ohio State's five. Perhaps the looked-for breakthrough was at hand after all. But the press proved to be Cal's undoing. Converging on the State man with the ball, Cal was obliged to uncover a free man somewhere else, and after a short period of fumbling, State began to find him. Two or three furiously fast

scoring breaks with more than five minutes still to be played destroyed California for good. When the flurry was over, Ohio State's shooting percentage was still a remarkable .767.

There was no longer any doubt about the outcome, and Fred Taylor began substituting freely. A lineup fashioned entirely of State reserves had little difficulty maintaining the 20-point margin that existed when they came in, and the Buckeyes won 75–55.

While it is true that Ohio State's offensive power had overcome California's defenses in one more round of the offense-defense debate, it is just as certain that these Ohioans know how to bandle themselves when the other team has the ball. State seldom conceded a good shot. For the most part, California found itself obliged to take second-best opportunities. The team's shooting percentage was .339, far below what is required to beat Ohio State.

Afterwards, beaten for tbe national championship in his own home territory and at the end of a magnificent coaching career (he will be Cal's athletic director next year), Pete Newell refused to take advantage of the many excuses offered bim by sympathetic California sportswriters.

"Did the tough Cincinnati game take something out of your players?"

"No," said Newell. "Ohio State played last night too, you know."

"Was so-and-so's leg bothering him, and did so-and-so have a cold?"

"No, no, no," said Newell. "We were beaten by a fine team. You have to give him tbe credit."

It was a typical performance by this honest, gracious man. Across the Cow Palace in Ohio State's dressing room Fred Taylor was equally gracious in victory.

"I went to Pete Newell last summer," said Taylor, "to learn how to coach basketball. My team last year had the worst defensive record in Ohio State's history. I had to do something, and Pete's the best in the business at this. I asked him to help me and he did. He showed me everything. He confirmed some of my ideas, and he gave me the courage to try things I was afraid were too radical. Last year, our boys couldn't have caught Marilyn Monroe in a phone booth. Now look at them. I used many of Pete's ideas. And they paid off for us tonight." END



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Photograph by Ansel Adams

PART I

In a different, dynamic approach to conservation, the editors of Sports Illustrated present a program to solve this most urgent of American problems by

A NEW AND HUMAN SCIENCE

by HENRY ROMNEY

Photograph by William A. Garnett

BUT TODAY, IN THE SPRAWLING MEGALOPOLIS OF LOS ANGELES, AMERICANS CAN ALREADY SEE WHAT THE FACE OF THE FUTURE WILL BE



IN the year 1831 Alexis de Tocqueville, a 26-year-old French nobleman with a genius for observation, visited the U.S. In his account, *Democracy in America*, one of the greatest of travel books, he characterized the citizens and their New World as "that continent [which] still presents, as it did in the primeval time, rivers that rise from never failing sources, green and moist solitudes, and limitless fields which the plowshare of the husbandman has never turned. . . . The physical position of the country opens so wide a field that man needs only to be let alone to be able to accomplish prodigies. . . . Such is the admirable position of the New World that man has no other enemy than himself."

In the year 1959, only 128 years after Alexis de Tocqueville's visit to the "primeval continent," a distinguished American, General Omar Bradley, surveyed his native land. "Year after year our scenic treasures are being plundered by what we call an advancing civilization," reported the general. "If we are not careful we shall leave our children a legacy of billion-dollar roads leading nowhere except to other congested places like those they left behind. We are building ourselves an asphalt treadmill and allowing the green areas of our nation to disappear."

And in the year 2000, after a visit to the U.S. (there were 51 states at that time, including the Virgin Islands) under a study grant from the

continued

Rockefeller Brothers Fund (there were eight Rockefeller brothers), Bagamsa Dankwa, a 26-year-old candidate for a doctor of philoaophy degree from the Free University of Ghana in Africa, wrote in hia resulting doctoral thesis, *Men of the Concrete Jungle:* "Within the past four decades the population of this teeming country has almost doubled. In 1960 there were but 179 million Americans; there are some 325 million today. More than 35 million of these people are over 65, and the life expectancy of the average male citizen is 74, that of his wife 79. The average family income is $15,000 a year, which is double the 1960 figure. The national average work week is 28 hours. There are 220 million cars on American roads."

After a brief discussion of comparative data in Ghana, Dr. Dankwa continued: "To the American his leiaure time has become his most treasured and sizable personal asset. His choice of a job and habitation is primarily influenced by where he will find life most pleasant." Here, in one of the many footnotes that annotate his scholarly text, Dr. Dankwa cited a passage from an article entitled *Amenities as a Factor in Regional Growth* published in 1954 by the American economist Dr. Edward L. Ullman: "For the first time in the world's history, pleasant living conditions—amenities—instead of more narrowly defined economic advantages are becoming the sparks that generate significant population increase. . . . In spite of the handicaps of remote location and economic isolation, the fastest growing states are California, Arizona and Florida."

But in the year 2000 prosperity had become a two-edged sword—pleasant living conditions and the amenities of life were not to be found easily. "Eighty-five percent of the American people live in cities," reported Dr. Dankwa. "Ten great supercities, boasting 5 million or more inhabitants each, dominate the land and shelter one-third of the total population.

"Four of these aupermetropolitan areas, New England City, New York Supermetro, Delaware Valley City and Chesapeake and Potomac City (the nation's capital), are located in the Great Atlantic Metro Region, a 450-mile stretch of densely populated coast line known as the Megalopolis," Dr. Dankwa continued. "The Great Lakes Midwest Metro Region boasts three supermetros: Chicago Supermetro, Detroit Supermetro and Cuyahoga Valley City (formerly Lorain, Elyria, Akron and Cleveland). Tbe California Metro Region has become almost as densely settled as the East Coast, with two supermetros which daily creep closer to each other: San Francisco Bay City (incorporating Oakland and San Jose) and Los Angeles Supermetro (San Bernardino, Riverside, Ventura, Oxnard, Hueneme). The Floridian Region bas one supermetro, Soutbeast Florida City (Miami, Fort Lauderdale, West Palm Beach).

"The forecast from the Mid-Southwest Region is that Dallas-Fort Worth City will soon pass the 5 million mark. It now incorporates 4.3 million people. Other important metro areas abeltering 2 million people or more are the metroports of San Diego and Houston. Then there are the industrial metros of Atlanta Metro, the leading metro of the Southeast Region; Buffalo Metro; Pittsburgh Metro; Cincinnati Metro; St. Louis Metro and Milwaukee Metro of the Great Lakes-Midwest Metro Region. Minneapolia-St. Paul City is the great center of the Midwest Region; and Denver Metro, the crux of transcontinental air routes, bas outstripped Seattle Metrominor and Portland Metrominor to become the dominant metro of the West.

"Two other areas which have passed the 2 million mark and are still growing," Dr. Dankwa noted, "are the 'leisure metros'—Tampa-St. Petersburg Leiaure Metro in the Floridian Leisure Belt, and Phoenix Leiaure Metro in the Southwest Region. This uniquely American pbenomenon of the leisure metro perhaps needs some amplification.

"The leisure metro is the most extraordinary urban development since man built his firat city thousands of years ago. Historically a city has come into being either as a trade settlement adjacent to the mouth of a river, or a bay, or as the 'commercial agent' of a large surrounding area. But Phoenix Leisure Metro, isolated in a desert region with all of the traditional disadvantages to urban growth of inaccessibility, shortage of water and arid land, has a population in the year 2000 which exceeds that of the entire Southwest Region 50 years ago. This is almost entirely due to the leisure opportunities of its natural setting, the 'desert way of life.' Here is to be found the most striking example of new natural resources in leisure-oriented America: sunshine, open space and a dramatic landscape are greater population magnets than coal, oil and industry. The Leisure Metro of Phoenix now overshadows such traditional population centers as Seattle, Spokane and Kansas City."

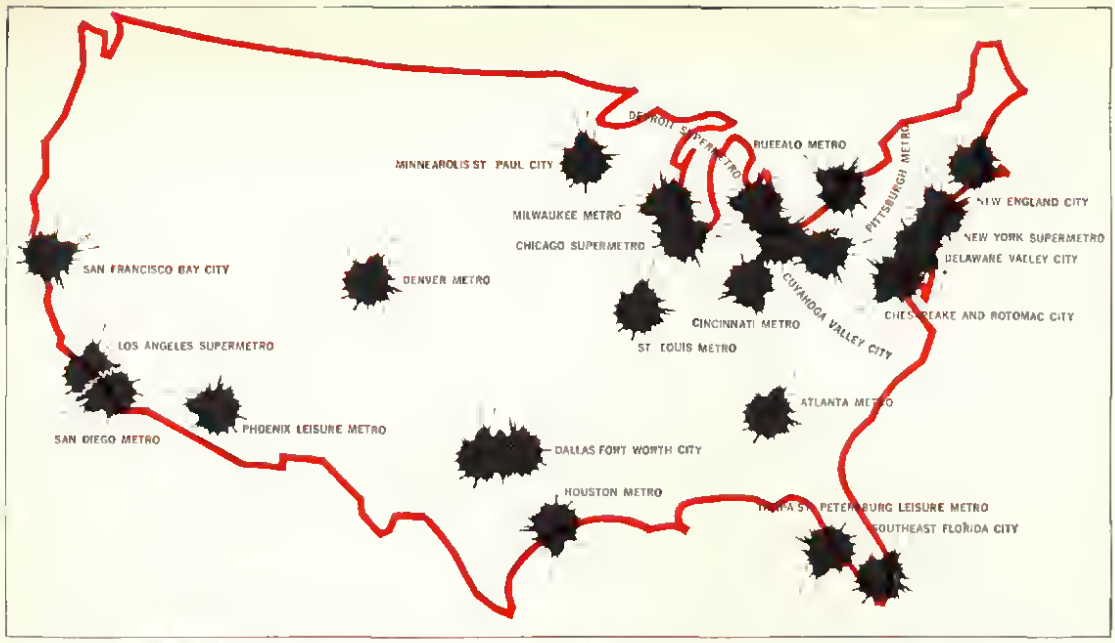
ABOUT THIS SERIES

While much of the material in this series is original, it is based on factual studies collected from many sources. Both in research and preparation the assistance of Isabel Eberstadt was invaluable. The editors also gratefully acknowledge the stimulating help of Dr. Marion Clawson of Resources for the Future Inc., pioneer of the statistical approach to outdoor recreation.

INTERVIEWS WITH MR. SMITHWICK

Dr. Dankwa's study included a number of field trips. The following passage is from an interview with Albert E. Smithwick, 53, a trial lawyer residing at Walden Pond Estates, Zone 3113, New England City: "Mr. Smithwick lives in a five-bedroom house on a two-acre plot of land in Walden Pond Eatatea, currently an officially designated 'depressed area.' His is one of the few large houses still standing in a community which consists almost entirely of rows of identical houses on less-than-one-half-acre plots. During our conversation Mr. Smithwick rose several times to warn groups of children playing on his lawn to keep away from the flowerbeds.

"Mr. Smithwick began the interview by saying: 'I'm the wrong man to ask about Walden Pond Estatea. I'm moving out as soon as I can find an apartment in Boston. Of course, that's what everyone wants to do. Better urban jam than suburban jelly, as Mrs. Smithwick says. Do you know how long it took me to get to work today? Two hours and 10 minutes. All bumper-to-bumper traffic. It's strange to think that when my wife and I moved to thia auburb, Walden Pond Estates seemed like a per-



THE FACE OF AMERICA in 2000 A.D. will be splotched with 23 gigantic cities of 2 million people or more each. Some will have merged to form vast city complexes, and four-fifths of the population of the U.S. will be city dwellers.

fect place. I had a good commute to work, and still the children could grow up in a nice community where they had plenty of freedom and fresh air. In the summer it used to be an easy drive to the beach—it used to be called the Great Outer Beach of Cape Cod. I forget what they call it now. They've got pizza palaces, custard castles, roller rinks, motels, everything but a beach. It's not a place for children.

" 'When they brought the bulldozers in here and began to subdivide I kept thinking it had to stop somewhere. I used to keep those children off the lawn, but you know, they have no place to go, unless you count that little square of cement down by the pond.' "

Let us leave Dr. Dankwa at this point. He is, of course, an imaginary visitor to these shores, but his facts and figures for the year 2000 are very real indeed. They represent the result of careful research and study by a score of men in half a dozen fields, notably the urban projections of Jerome Pickard. All are agreed that unless we experience a catastrophic reversal of the inexorable march of urban industrial civilization, the picture Dr. Dankwa's thesis presents will be the face of America.

That roundest of round dates, 2000 A.D., still seems like a comfortably safe distance away. Yet one-half of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's current readers will live to clink a glass to the birth of this second millennium. Alive or dead, this generation will have bequeathed Urban America to its children.

The pattern for the year 2000 is set today. There is a rapidly compounding awareness that for every city-based American it is becoming increasingly difficult to find open country; that on the east and west coasts the cities are agglutinating at an astounding pace, swallowing up the land that once separated them; that beaches are getting smaller and more crowded each summer; that it is getting harder to find or keep up a place to hunt or fish or play golf or spend a vacation. "Never before has suburbia seethed with so many protest meetings," writes William H. Whyte Jr., editor of *The Exploding Metropolis*, "whether [highway] rerouting petitions, save-our-trees groups or stop-the-rape-of-the-valley emergency committees." We have already passed the critical point toward total urbanization of the U.S.—from now on more of the same means a radically different life for all.

Even 15 years from today, by 1975, the fundamental upheavals in population, leisure time, family income, mobility and urbanization of the land triggered by the years immediately following World War II will unavoidably have created a country radically different from what we still consider our heritage. The land as it was in Daniel Boone's time, or at the time of the great westward homesteading migrations, or even at the time the first automobile took to a rutted road, has become little more than a nostalgic memory.

All this being so, and seemingly irreversibly so, what is there to be done about it?

In the first place, is it necessary to do anything about it? The answer is a resounding "Yes." For no matter how urbanized and industrialized man has become—and increasingly will become—he is first and foremost an animal temperamentally rooted in the soil. Our fundamental heritage is not scientific or industrial but biological. "Man, despite the extraordinary mental accomplishments that have brought about his present-day civilization," writes the great naturalist and conservationist, Fairfield Osborn, "has been, is now and will continue to be part of nature's general scheme." Only very recently in terms of our biological inheritance and our own history on earth have we committed ourselves to that very specialized environment of the present day:

continued

the industrial society. We must provide room in that specialized environment for *all* of our needs, including those, such as communion with nature, which are not directly pertinent to our specialization, for if man cuts himself off entirely from the soil, his own character will change drastically.

To deny the simple human needs for open spaces, water and sky, to repress our humbler, soil-rooted past is dangerous. A psychiatrist recently put it this way: "An individual may not feel the need for occasional replenishment in unspoiled surroundings, but neither does he feel the need for vitamin D, the deprivation of which produces rickets." The demand for outdoor recreation, by the year 2000, will have mounted toweringly along with the factors producing it, as the chart on this page shows.

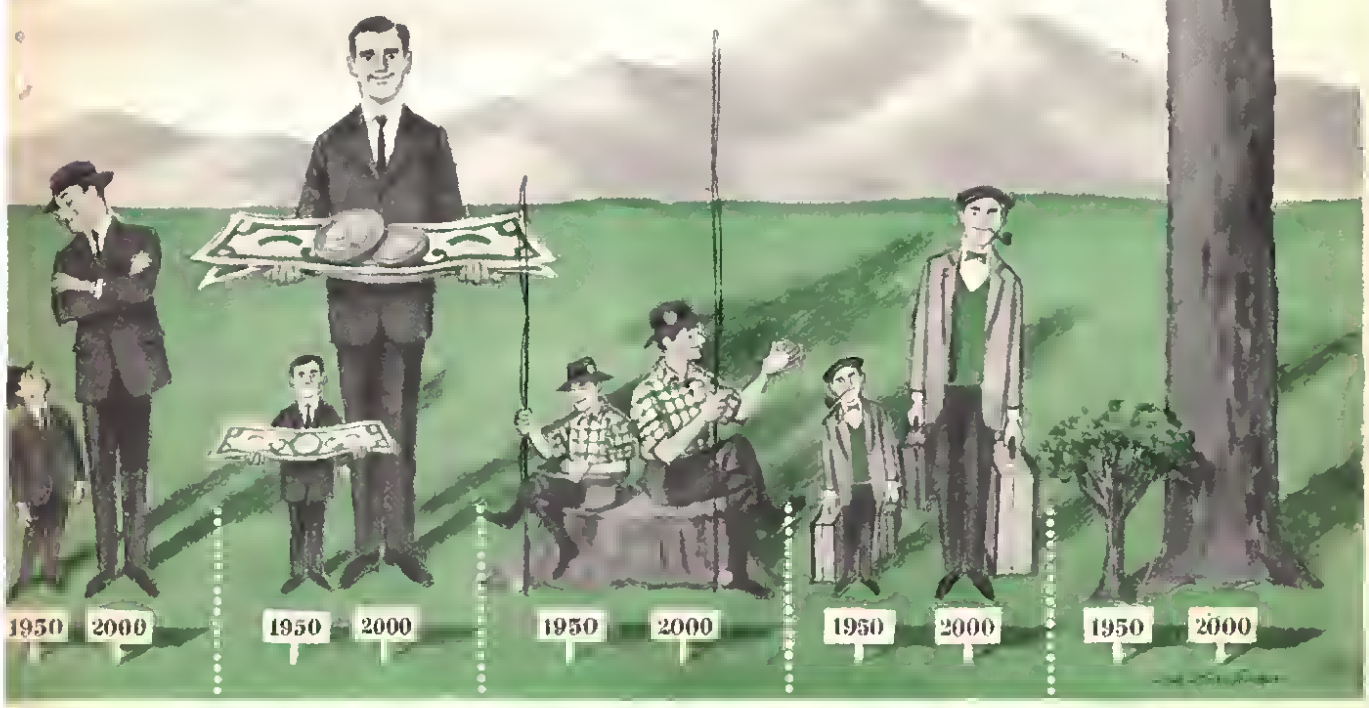
It is obvious, therefore, that something must be done. But where are we to look for the solution?

Historically, man's relationship to his natural environment has been the special province of the conservationist. But man, to the conservationist of the past, was the *enemy*, the oppressor of wildlife and the squanderer of the earth's resources. It was the conservationist's mission to protect from man the bison and the whooping crane, the great stands of sequoias and the craters of natural geysers, safeguarding them from the barren consequences of man's conviction that he held a special place in creation and that the land and its creatures were an inexhaustible cornucopia. Later, when conservationists began to blend some scientific method with their evangelical fervor, it became the added function of conservation to protect important natural resources, such as soil and water, from the inroads of industrial civilization.

But today this historic responsibility of conservation has changed. Today it is man himself who is in danger of becoming a victim of the industrial civilization he has spread so vigorously across the land. The dilemma of man enmeshed in an asphyxiating environment of his own creation presents the greatest challenge conser-

continued

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vation has ever known, one that calls for a fundamental change in attitude on the part of conservationists, a great broadening of conservation's socioscientific base.

Today the subject of conservation is people.

Today the object of conservation is to create and preserve our necessary natural environment for present and future generations.

Today the very name of conservation should be broadened to embrace the vastly broadened scope of its activities: henceforth it should be known as social conservation.

Social conservation implies responsibility for a whole range of man's pressing social problems—and social conservation has that responsibility. Social conservation must play a leading role in the social and economic effort to resolve the amalgam of related problems plaguing America—the senseless devastation of the countryside, the increasing dehumanization of the harassed and isolated city dweller, the resurgence of slum areas, the irrational violence of frustrated youth. Resources conservation, urban renewal, outdoor recreation planning and city planning are all part of the broad attack on these overlapping problems. Concepts and techniques must be enlisted from many fields —from economics and sociology, from social anthropology and ecology and demography. The new "people-oriented" conservation discipline must encompass both nature and man.

There is a precedent for this in a closely related science. Anthropology was at one time limited to the physical history of man; today it has expanded into the analysis of man's group behavior and has moved out of the classroom and field trip into the wide domain of practical policy. Today this broadened discipline is known as social anthropology, and from this sister science social conservation can already benefit enormously. An increasingly effective arsenal of tools, for example, is already available in the research done by such foundations as the Ford-sponsored Resources for the Future Inc., by the Urban Land League, by land-grant universities and by study groups of conservationists allied to pursue a particular problem.

All this is not to say that conservation's classic preoccupations with wildlife and wilderness are not as important as ever. They are—but they are no longer of *primary* importance. They represent today significant technical specializations within the total field of social conservation. Of primary importance are such things as the problems of the cities, or the fast-disappearing open space throughout the country, the increasing demands for outdoor recreation of all kinds, the mounting pressures on existing open land, public and private. Here the new discipline of social conservation can be used to full effect.

The results of population pressure and the lack of recreational land all over America show up dramatically in the predicament of our national parks. These most popular recreational lands are administered by an agency within the Department of the Interior headed by Conrad Wirth. "Connie" Wirth's empire stretches from Yosemite in California to Acadia in Maine, from Alaska to Hawaii, and it is a rare week that does not see him pace a part of his domain. Behind Wirth are a $75-million annual budget, a loyal band of influential men and a league of organized supporters 14,000 strong. Facing Wirth are some troubled times.



CONRAD WIRTH IS PARK SERVICE DIRECTOR

Historically, it is the mission of the National Park Service to "expose" as many Americans as possible to its scenic domain. Last year the parks recorded all of 62,812,000 visits from land-starved Americans who drove through the gates of the national parks for bumper-to-bumper communion with nature. Statistics show that the majority of these visitors spent less than a day within the parks themselves. Conrad Wirth, alternately appalled and delighted by the sheer number of his guests, feels he must make the effort to accommodate them by building new and wider roads, moving overnight lodgings outside park boundaries, and by discouraging such things as pack trips, which prolong visits. Many people interested in the genuine exploration and enjoyment of these extraordinarily beautiful areas feel they are being hustled through, almost as if our national parks are being turned into national parkways.

There is no letup in sight; on the contrary, over the past decades there has been a steady 8% annual increase of visits to the parks. By projecting this to the year 2000, Wirth can look forward to the alarming prospect of one billion visits, or playing host to every man, woman and child in the U.S. three times a year.

Obviously this is not likely to happen. But just as obviously our great parks, representing as they do one of the few remaining opportunities for the weekending and vacationing urbanite to refresh and actively enjoy himself among splendid landscapes, cannot withstand these increasing pressures indefinitely.

A family should be able to find an opportunity for a day's outing, not necessarily in a great national park, but within reach of its home. It should not have to rely on the Federal Government for this, but rather on its own state and community. Certainly such local recreational facilities would take much of the pressure off the national parks, but this would be only an incidental benefit. More important would be the benefits which carefully developed and preserved open land would bring to the community itself and its residents. This apportionment of responsibility for the appropriate use and development of available open land in terms

continued

of people's varying needs is one of the fundamental concepts of social conservation. Everyone needs the stimulus both of readily available recreational opportunities and what Laurance Rockefeller has called "the cathedral experience" of truly magnificent landscapes.

In most of the country enough land is available so that a community need have only the will to insure the character of its environment for the future. But in the heavily industrialized parts of America it requires more than good will and a strong sense of purpose. In some areas the only hope of salvaging what still remains lies in the closest possible cooperation between government and community. However, there are difficulties inherent in this alliance, and they can best be illustrated by the dank history of a very present problem, that of the Cape Cod National Seashore.

In 1954 the National Park Service surveyed 3,700 miles of eastern seashore for the possible establishment of national seashore areas. A portion of Massachusetts' Cape Cod, running from Chatham to Provincetown and incorporating the Great Outer Beach, a 30-mile sweep backed by great cliffs where the dunes rise to a height of 50 feet, was given priority.

One of the most cogent reasons given by the Park Service in support of its choice was that this hitherto unravaged, dramatically beautiful stretch of shore was within a day's drive of one-third of the population of the U.S. The Park Service pointed out that 11% of the population of the U.S. lives on the one-half of 1% of land that stretches between Massachusetts and New York City, the most densely populated, heavily industrialized area in the country. Yet there is not a single national park in this area and scarcely any public beach.

The arguments of need and availability struck as less than persuasive the residents of Cape Cod who were affected. After all, it was their land; what would happen to it and them if it became a national park? Looking around them, at their peaceful towns, at their weather-beaten shingled houses which had often sheltered generations of the same family, at the stretches of beach backed by saltwater ponds, they saw no reason why they should share these pleas-





TWO FACES OF CAPE COD, dunes of Great Outer Beach (*above*) and centuries-old towns, are reflected in bitter schism which has so far frustrated a National Seashore.

EASTHAM HEARINGS PERPLEXED SENATORS MOSS AND SALTONSTALL (BELOW, LEFT), AROUSED RESIDENTS BINDLE AND CHERMAYEFF







ant things with invading hordes.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," exclaimed one Cape Codder spiritedly. "As a good Yankee and American citizen, I say that commandment is just as good today as it was in Moses' time."

Others thought purely of the fantastic figures involved. If the Great Outer Beach was within reach of one-third of the U.S. population, would that mean 50 million to 60 million people on *their* beach? "Who is to save us from rape and murder when those thousands who have never heard of us come wandering in?" cried a woman at a town hall meeting. Others were willing to disregard the criminal propensities of the visitors when they thought of their appetites. How many hot dogs, how many pizzas would 60 million people demand, and why should the National Park Service interfere with the natives' free-enterprise rights to feed them?

The Park Service made a gallant effort to explain why, beyond mere need, the Cape Cod Great Outer Beach was an area of national importance and should be preserved as such. It dwelt eulogistically on the beauties of the beach, the rare geological formations of the area, the unique flora and fauna, the wealth of recreational opportunities and the rich historic associations. It was, after all, the Pilgrims' first landfall in America before moving on to Plymouth.

An unimpressed descendant of these Pilgrims, Joshua Nickerson, a resident of Chatham, which his ancestors bought from the Monomoit Indians in 1656, felt that the deeper meanings the Cape had for the "natives" would be unappreciated by strangers. "You have to live here for 300 years as I have before you can *see* Cape Cod, let alone understand it," said Mr. Nickerson to E. J. Kahn, a sympathetic *New Yorker* writer who himself owns a summer house on proposed park land.

The Park Service, alternately wielding stick and carrot, pointed out to those anxious to save the Cape that the newly completed highway down the spine of the Cape would mean that the relative inaccessibility of the Lower Cape was now at an end and that the townships themselves would be powerless to stop developers from erecting the pizza palaces, bowling alleys, startling motels and lurid signs which have so completely despoiled the Upper Cape. Only the National Park Service, so ran its message, could really undertake to preserve the area and see that it was developed in keeping with its traditions.

A DOME-RATTLING FUROR

While pro-park and anti-park factions formed and argued on the Cape itself, both houses of the Massachusetts legislature came out in favor of the park. Then in March of 1959 the Park Service issued two documents outlining the boundaries of the proposed park: it was to encompass 28,645 acres, almost 18,000 of which are privately owned. More than 600 home owners would find themselves camping on park property, with the towns of Truro and Wellfleet suffering the greatest property loss. The furor which followed rattled off the golden dome of Boston's State House and echoed all the way to Washington.

"Everyone is in favor of a national park in theory," said a Senate staff member, "but wait until you want an acre of their land! On the other hand," he reflected, "how would you like a family with three children, two dogs and a picnic basket romping across your backyard every day?" The Cape is a place which breeds fierce loyalties, and so many of the families involved have lived in the same area, if not the same house, for generations that when Harvard Professor Serge Chermayeff rose to speak at one of the public hearings, he apologized "for daring to love the Cape after a flirtation of only 17 years."

Conrad Wirth, Director of the Park Service, came to the Cape himself to explain what it meant to be a tenant on park land. Formerly private owners on public land had been given the choice of selling their property to the Government at a negotiated price or having a 25-year or life tenure. The towns involved might well be recompensed for their tax losses by a special grant of Congress.

Mr. Wirth's manner was a little insouciant for the Cape's threatened residents. Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler Jr., whose husband owns property in Wellfleet and who has just shelved plans for building an opulent house there, decided that "this seizure of property, however adequate or inadequate the compensation, differs little from the movement, displacement and often annihilation of large populations in Communist countries." She likened Cape Codders to "the Dalai Lama of Tibet, exiled to a new land by the aggression of the Chinese Communists."

Cooler heads than Mrs. Chrysler's were working in the meantime to solve some of the problems involved. Senators Leverett Saltonstall and John F. Kennedy collaborated with Representative Hastings Keith on a bill which, while advancing the park, asked for concessions to local residents unique in the annals of the Park Service.

Senator Kennedy wrote of Cape Cod that although "it lacks none of the natural beauty and scenic splendor which characterize most of the

continued

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national parks, it is not an unsettled wilderness or forest area. Particularly since there are residents whose roots on the Cape reach back far into the past, it seems important to adapt a bill in such a way as to meet the legitimate interests and sentiments of existing residents." The bill provided that homeowners should not be required to give up their property rights as long as "acceptable" zoning was enforced. Furthermore, the six Lower Cape towns would receive very substantial financial assistance and might in the future develop for residential housing up to 10% of the total private land within park boundaries.

In December 1959 a hearing was held in Eastbam on Cape Cod, by the Subcommittee on Public Lands of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, with Senator Frank Moss of Utah presiding. The Kennedy-Saltonstall-Keith bill had done a great deal to alleviate the hostility of the anti-park faction by "considering the human aspects." The dissidents still rallied chiefly around the economic threat to the towns. But some residents still had their personal reasons. Dr. Madalene Winslow, a tall, formidable woman whose ancestors arrived in Provincetown "on a little sloop called the *Mayflower*," told the chairman that the proposed legislation made no provision for the picking of beach plums, blueberries, pine cones, bayberries and rose hips, which Cape families pick and preserve to supplement their income. She recalled a recent experience on a public beach when she was accosted by an official. "I was astounded when I was told to put my rose hips down," she said. "I did what a lot of people will do. I waited until that person had left. Then I picked them up and took them home and made my *Rosa rugosa* jam."

Joshua Nickerson still claimed that the Cape "is a homeland and not a place to be gaped at." Francis Biddle, the former U.S. Attorney General, who divides his time between Cape Cod and Washington, declared: "You cannot have recreation and preservation at the same place at the same time" and expressed his aversion to the inclusion of the upland area, where he owns 20 acres. Professor Chermayeff, the self-confessed flirt, agreed that the recreational use of back-of-the-beach land should be strictly limited. "It's a miniature landscape," explained the professor. "A parking lot for 100 cars would leave a gash in the countryside. The very conservation of which you speak would fail."

Chermayeff went on to sum up what is perhaps the dominant feeling of the residents. "Whether we like it or not," he said, "the Cape has become accessible. The change coming to the Cape means it has to change. It is important to become reconciled. I am entirely for the park because it will give braking power to the change."

It is now six years since the land was surveyed by the Park Service. It may be another two years before the Service gets some of the land it wants. "I don't care which bill is passed," says Conrad Wirth, wistfully. "I'd just like to save some seashore."

The trouble is that on Cape Cod, as everywhere in the U.S., time is running out. Given fair weather, bulldozers across the nation will rip up another 3,000 acres of open land today. Another 4 million Americans will be born into this land this year. In the past conservationists have liked to quote Isaiah: "Woe unto them that join house to house" and to speak darkly of "rape," "plunder" and "frustrated futures." They may have been right—unless we take our point of departure from the evidence which is becoming clearer each day: there are no piecemeal solutions to the land problems of urban America.

Is there any solution at all? There is. In one of our great states, a small group of professionals has over the past three years taken a hard look at the people and resources of their state. In Washington, D. C. a group of distinguished citizens, working as a federal commission, is performing the same task for the country as a whole. The concepts of social conservation are being put to work right now. The results are of the greatest importance to every American.

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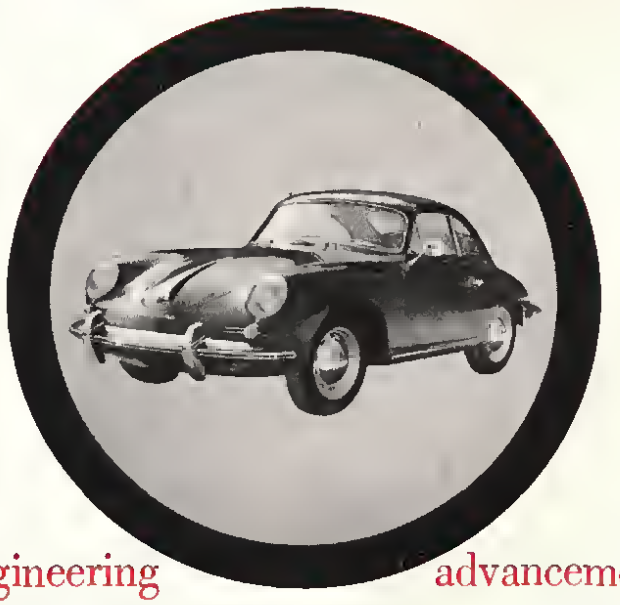


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JUBILANT CHICAGO BLACK HAWK PLAYERS HOIST COACH BILL STEWART TOWARD CEILING IN HYSTERICAL DRESSING-ROOM CELEBRATION

AN UPSETTING AFFAIR

The 1938 Chicago Black Hawks proved that a bad season means nothing if you get a coach who used to be a referee

by HERM WEISKOPF

MORE than 17,000 fans were in Chicago Stadium on the night of April 12, 1938. Most had come to root for the Chicago Black Hawks, who, after winning only 14 games in 20 weeks of National Hockey League competition, suddenly had caught fire to take six games in less than three weeks of the Stanley Cup playoffs. And on this particular night these improbable Black Hawks needed only to beat Toronto to win the cup itself.

The coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, and the man most responsible for the team's unexpected Stanley Cup play, was 43-year-old William J. Stewart. Ironically, Stewart, who spent his summers umpiring baseball games in the National League, had been chief of National Hockey League referees the previous season. The owner and president of the Black Hawks, Frederic McLaughlin, had been impressed by the fiery manner in which Stewart did his officiating and felt that Stewart might be the man to instill some of the same spirit into the lackluster team. Stewart was given a two-year contract, assurance that the owner would not interfere and a club with a losing complex.

"It was a team," Bill Stewart said recently, "made up mostly of men who had played for several other clubs in the league. My boys had some bad playing habits—some could skate well to one side but not to the other, some would get trapped on the boards. We spent a lot of time working on these weaknesses. Sometimes I'd take a player and just the two of us would go out on the ice and work.

"When we were in Muskegon for

preseason training I told everyone how I felt about conditioning and drinking. I told them they would have to get in shape and stay in shape if they wanted to win. I said I didn't mind if they had a few drinks, as long as it was not on the day of a game and not in public.

"We were like one big, happy family. I used to joke a lot with the boys and sometimes I'd wrestle or box with them in the locker room."

Stewart did more than get his players into condition, teach them fundamentals and create a relaxed atmosphere. Realizing he had no individual stars and little bench strength, he built his strategy around tightly integrated team play. To compensate for his squad's lack of depth, Stewart became a quick-change artist, installing and withdrawing entire five-man units after just two or three minutes' play. This maneuver was as successful as it was novel, for it helped keep the players fresh and enabled Stewart to develop two good offensive lines. This didn't show up in the Black Hawks' regular season record, for the 1937–38 team didn't win any more games than the hopeless 1936–37 team. However, by Stanley Cup time, Bill Stewart's hard work and sound strategy began to show results.

Still, few experts and fans had any high hopes for the Hawks in the Stanley Cup. The Chicago players themselves regarded their chances lightly. Defenseman Roger Jenkins bet Goalie Mike Karakas a wheelbarrow ride through Chicago that the Hawks wouldn't win the cup.

It looked like a good bet, too, after Chicago lost its first game in the playoffs to the Montreal Canadiens. One more loss and the team would be eliminated from further Stanley Cup play. But Karakas saved his bet, and the Black Hawks, by shutting out the Canadiens while his teammates scored four goals. Two nights later the Hawks won 3–2 in overtime and suddenly Chicago was in the semifinals, instead of the favored Canadiens.

The Black Hawks turned right around their next time out and dropped the first semifinal game to the New York Americans. Once again, Chicago had to win two straight games to stay in the playoffs.

The second game went through three regulation periods without either team scoring. As the overtime

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PLAYERS PILE UP IN FRONT OF CHICAGO NET AFTER BLOCKED TORONTO SHOT AS DOC ROMNES, IN FOOTBALL HELMET, WATCHES

AN UPSETTING AFFAIR *continued*

was about to start, Stewart took Earl Seibert, his all-star defenseman, aside, and said to him, "If Cully [Dahlstrom] gets the face-off, he'll pass to you. I want you to go into the left corner. They'll chase you. When they do that, you pass back to Cully, who'll be skating along slowly, and he'll try for the goal."

When Seibert and Dahlstrom got the chance, they tried Stewart's play. Seibert took the puck to the left, luring two defenders with him. Dahlstrom was open. Seibert passed back. Dahlstrom shot. Goal. The game was over. The series was tied 1–1.

The Black Hawks followed up with a 3–2 win, and the team that didn't rate a chance was in the Stanley Cup finals. They had played six games in 12 days, traveling back and forth between Chicago and Montreal three times and between Chicago and New York three times. They had lost the first game both times and had come right back with two wins in a row. Now they would have to meet the Toronto Maple Leafs, first-place winners in the Canadian Division of the NHL. And they would have to do it without their superb goalie, Mike Karakas. A hard shot had broken his big toe in the last game of the semifinals.

The Toronto Maple Leafs, on the other hand, were in good physical shape. They had swept their only series in the playoffs and had been resting for a week while waiting to find out who their opponents would be in the Stanley Cup finals.

About the only thing the Black Hawks had going for them was the calculating mind of Bill Stewart. Against the Canadiens he had ordered his players to increase their body checking and this had upset the timing of the Montreal wings. In the New York series, Stewart had noticed that the Americans' goalie had trouble

EXCITED MAPLE LEAF PLAYERS RAISE THEIR STICKS AFTER GOAL BY SYL APPS (FAR RIGHT) IN FIRST PERIOD OF THIRD GAME



handling low shots. The Black Hawks aimed the puck along the ice after that. For the Maple Leafs, Stewart worked up a different strategy. He figured that the potent Toronto attack could be contained if the Maple Leaf centers were bottled up.

Chicago was still without a goalie 45 minutes before the start of the first game with the Maple Leafs. NHL President Frank Calder and Toronto General Manager and Coach Connie Smythe had turned down the goalie Stewart wanted to use. Just before the game, he was told by the Toronto officials that Alfie Moore, a Maple Leaf castoff, would be in the nets for the Hawks. Moore had finished his season on the Toronto farm team in Pittsburgh and had not been on skates in two weeks.

Stewart said to the Toronto officials, "I'm surprised you didn't tell me sooner." Then, as Stewart recalled recently, "Smythe, who was standing beside and almost behind me, took a swing at my head. He barely grazed me but that was too much for me. I dived for him. At that point Baldy Cotton, a Toronto scout, took a potshot at me and just nicked me."

By the time the ruckus ended, Stewart had a goalie he didn't want, a trickle of blood on his cheek and a thoroughly aroused team of hockey players. When it was almost time for the game to start, Stewart patted Moore on the back and wished him luck. "I'll make 'em eat the puck," answered Moore.

He did. Moore was good that night, and when he wasn't good, he was lucky. Once he turned around to look for a shot he thought had gone past him. Actually, the puck was a few feet in front of the net. While Moore had his back turned, a Toronto player fired point blank. The seat of Moore's pants stopped the shot. Moore made 25 other saves and when the game ended, the Black Hawks had won 3–1.

The Toronto front office suddenly reconsidered its choice of Moore as goalie for Chicago. They notified the Hawks that they had better get one of their own farm hands in the nets for the rest of the Stanley Cup finals. Paul Goodman, a 28-year-old minor leaguer with no NHL experience, was rushed over from Winnipeg. He had not played in three weeks and looked it, as the Maple Leafs crushed Chicago, 5–1, in the next game. It was a

continued



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rugged, bruising brawl and the Black Hawks took severe physical punishment from the heavier Maple Leafs.

"The next day I went to the Garfield Park Hospital in Chicago to see my injured boys," said Stewart. "It was like a scene from a war movie. Half a dozen of them were laid out with cuts and bruises, and Doc Romnes, one of my centers, had a broken nose. I knew the boys were upset, so before the game I told them, 'Now listen, no matter what happened in Toronto, let's go out there to win this game, and don't look at it as a chance for revenge.' "

Stewart's patched-up athletes went out on the ice at Chicago Stadium for the third game before the largest crowd (18,496) in NHL history. The slightly built Doc Romnes wore a Purdue University football helmet to protect his broken nose. Mike Karakas, the hero of the earlier playoff games, was back in the nets, his broken toe pulled into place.

Toronto scored first. The game quickly turned into another bruising battle in which fights broke out in the stands as well as on the ice. Through it all, Stewart's tactics—bottling up the Toronto centers, shifting units of players every few minutes, keeping his defensemen constantly on the move—stopped Toronto from scoring again.

The Black Hawks tied the score in the second period and, with less than five minutes remaining in the game, Romnes, Mush March and Paul Thompson flashed in all alone on Toronto Goalie Turk Broda. Thompson passed to March, who passed to Romnes. Romnes let go a shot that whistled by Broda's shoulder for the last score of the game. The Chicago Black Hawks led the Toronto Maple Leafs, two games to one. They needed only one more victory to become the 1938 Stanley Cup winners.

April 12 was primary day in Illinois. Most of the state's citizens, however, were more concerned about the fourth game of the Stanley Cup playoffs that night than the day's election results.

The Black Hawks took a fast lead on Dahlstrom's goal early in the first period. The Leafs came right back two minutes later and tied the score. Opposing goalies Turk Broda and Mike Karakas turned back shot after shot after that and three-quarters of the way through the second period, the score was still 1–1. Suddenly, Center Carl Voss stole the puck from a pair of Toronto defensemen and triggered a 10-foot shot past Broda. The Black Hawks led 2–1.

One minute and 13 seconds later, one of the most incredible goals in hockey history was made. Bill Stewart had sent in Right Wing Jack Shill with instructions to "Let the puck go when you get near center ice." This was intended to be a time-consuming defensive measure to run out the second period. Shill didn't wait to get to center ice though. He lofted the puck high into the air while still some 150 feet from the Toronto net. Broda came out of the cage, confidently dropped to his knees for what appeared to be an easy stop, and then stared in disbelief as the puck skipped over his stick and into the net. Chicago led 3–1.

Now it was Toronto which suddenly faced elimination. The Maple Leafs put on one furious assault after another to try to overcome the Hawks' lead. Instead Chicago made it 4–1 on a third-period goal by Mush March.

With about two minutes left in the game, Stewart instructed Johnny Gottselig, the league's best stick handler, to get the puck and keep Toronto from gaining possession.

"And that's just what he did," said Stewart. "He skated around those Toronto players as if they weren't there. I never saw anything like it."

When it was over the Hawks lifted Stewart to their shoulders. Even this gesture proved to be typical of the Black Hawks. They almost dropped him. But, using much the same collective effort that had sustained them throughout the playoffs, the Black Hawk players held on. **END**



HAPPY HAWK MUSH MARCH SKATES BY NET AFTER SCORING LAST GOAL OF PLAYOFFS

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

OF COWARDICE AND COURAGE

Sirs:

Put me down as one of the cowards in this Walking Horse business (SI, Jan. 11, Feb. 22). There was a time—before Honey Gold brought the big show gait to the East—that I showed a few plantation Walkers. And for a while I judged them at the smaller shows.

Now I hide from the issue by firmly refusing to act as judge at any of them. I find I can make enough people mad without putting myself in the position where one group will jump on me if I lool under the boots and another will be just as violent if I don't.

Looking under the boots, however, may not be the answer. I suggest we look under the hats of the owners. It seems to me that anyone who will deliberately and drastically shorten the period of usefulness of a $5,000 investment in order to win a $50 prize is a prime candidate for a rubber room.

Yes, I'm a coward about this whole thing myself. But I sure do admire the stand you are taking and the courage with which you are attacking. As you have suggested, it's high time someone did something.

W. DAYTON SUMNER

Moorestown, N.J.

SHARKS: NO MORE QUESTIONS

Sirs:

Your article *Shark!* (SI, Feb. 22) was the best that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has ever put out and by far the most useful for me. I am a lifeguard during the summer months at Los Angeles County beaches. Maybe now I won't be answering questions a good part of the day about whether or not there are any sharks in the water.

Many seals and porpoises are mistaken by the bathers to be sharks. People will notice a seal on its side basking in the sun, a flipper will stick up into the air and the fun begins.

One man came up to me one day and pointed out to a school of porpoises swimming by and told me that they were sbarks. I said no, they were porpoises, and wouldn't bother anyone. He got mad when I refused to swim out to them and chase them off. He said: "Son, those are sharks out there and don't try to tell me any different. I was at Marineland yesterday and saw them. Those are sharks!" What can you say?

People have not believed me when I told them that the number of swimmers has increased and that the sharks have always been around and most likely always will be. I am glad that I now have some authority to quote from.

BENJE HARRISON

Long Beacb, Calif.

ATHLETICS: A VIEW FROM THE WINDOW

Sirs:

I read in the *Detroit News* that James B Conant, president emeritus of Harvard, views witb alarm the almost vicious overemphasis placed on athletics in some junior high schools in this country. This conclusion was reached after a one-year study.

Based on a two-year observation from my living room window, I view with equal alarm the almost vicious underemphasis placed on athletics at the junior high school directly across the street from my home.

I would be willing to take a learned scholar's word on almost any subject except athletics for kids. This is one subject scholars are not in a position to be impartial about. These studies always seem to magnify the harm done in a few isolated cases and ignore the benefits which accrue to thousands of participants in varsity competition. I submit tbat milk might also be harmful in a few isolated cases (say your kid already weighs 400 pounds), but no one has started a movement to abolish milk.

If some people presume that they can remove varsity athletics without other activities, equally dramatic and exciting but a hundred times more harmful, filling the void, they presume too much. Kids will not tolerate a vacuum for long. Drinking and smoking are equally dramatic and exciting, and dope is just about tops in these respects.

I know what the kids are supposed to do. They are supposed to wholeheartedly embrace intramural sports, but this is pretty weak tea. Did anyone ever hear of a kid who stopped smoking, much less started training, for intramural athletics? Intramural sports have failed to capture the imagination of American youth. They have entered into them with such lack of enthusiasm that intramural sports cannot be considered an effective means of physical improvement for the youth of this country.

I believe varsity-type athletics should be expanded at so many skill levels and in so many sports that any kid who is willing to try hard can make some sort of varsity team, engage in interschool rivalry and earn his letter. I can see no point in trying to gear our physical education programs to those students who are not willing to try. Our schools offer plenty of other outlets for their talents.

GEORGE WENDLER

Detroit

FITNESS: HERE'S WHAT WE'RE DOING

Sirs:

With National Fitness Week due soon this is an especially appropriate time to

continued

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tell you what we are doing here in Middle Granville, N.Y.

Middle Granville is what some might call a hick town. In fact, it is not even a town; it is a crossroad with a post office, a couple of stores and gas stations and a broken-down crowded school of around 200 pupils, 100 of whom come by bus (grades kindergarten to six), in a very low-income part of New York State.

However, we are operating a physical education and recreation program that, in my opinion, is providing a maximum of participation for a maximum number of pupils. The kids here display above-average fitness because of the program at their disposal.

This includes three periods a week of physical education, plus supervised recreation before and after school, during the noon hour and one evening a week.

At any of these times our gym and playground are a beehive of purposeful activity, with from 20 to 70 kids in our two-by-four gymnasium in the winter and about 90% of the students active outside in good weather. We are not committed to developing star athletes, but sometimes it does happen that a boy turns into a fair varsity performer. As for the girls, I feel that the reason they dominate the teams when they go into high school is that at our particular school they are not treated as second-class but receive the same attention as the boys.

Activities include everything from squirrels in the treetops to boxing and wrestling. We have a tumbling team made up of 12 girls and one boy (in grades three to six) that is a story in itself. They have performed over television, at veterans' hospitals, at all types of benefits, and in the summertime they turn into a smart marching group.

This is something that should satisfy your crusade for the betterment of physical fitness.

PAUL F. FISH
Physical education instructor
Middle Granville, N.Y.

BOWLING: FROM 6 TO 60

Sirs:

Your cover and inside spread on family bowling (SI, March 14) did an excellent job of showing what a wholesome recreation bowling has become.

Articles like this are invaluable for showing how bowling is one of the very few recreations a person can take up in his teens or subteens and continue into his most advanced years. I know the entire bowling "family" appreciates the attention you've given us over the years.

BRUCE PLUCKHAHN
American Bowling Congress
Milwaukee

Sirs:

So family bowling made your front page. The fact that we have 26 million bowlers seems to leave your editors, who teach physical fitness, unmoved.

Where is the youth of the nation in winter? The kids hibernate in bowling alleys for four long months competing

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athletically with their own grandmothers.

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Let us have more hockey players and figure skaters and fewer bowlers.

ANDREW EBERHARDT
Evanston, Ill.

WALKING HORSE: BUSINESS IS SLOW

Sirs:

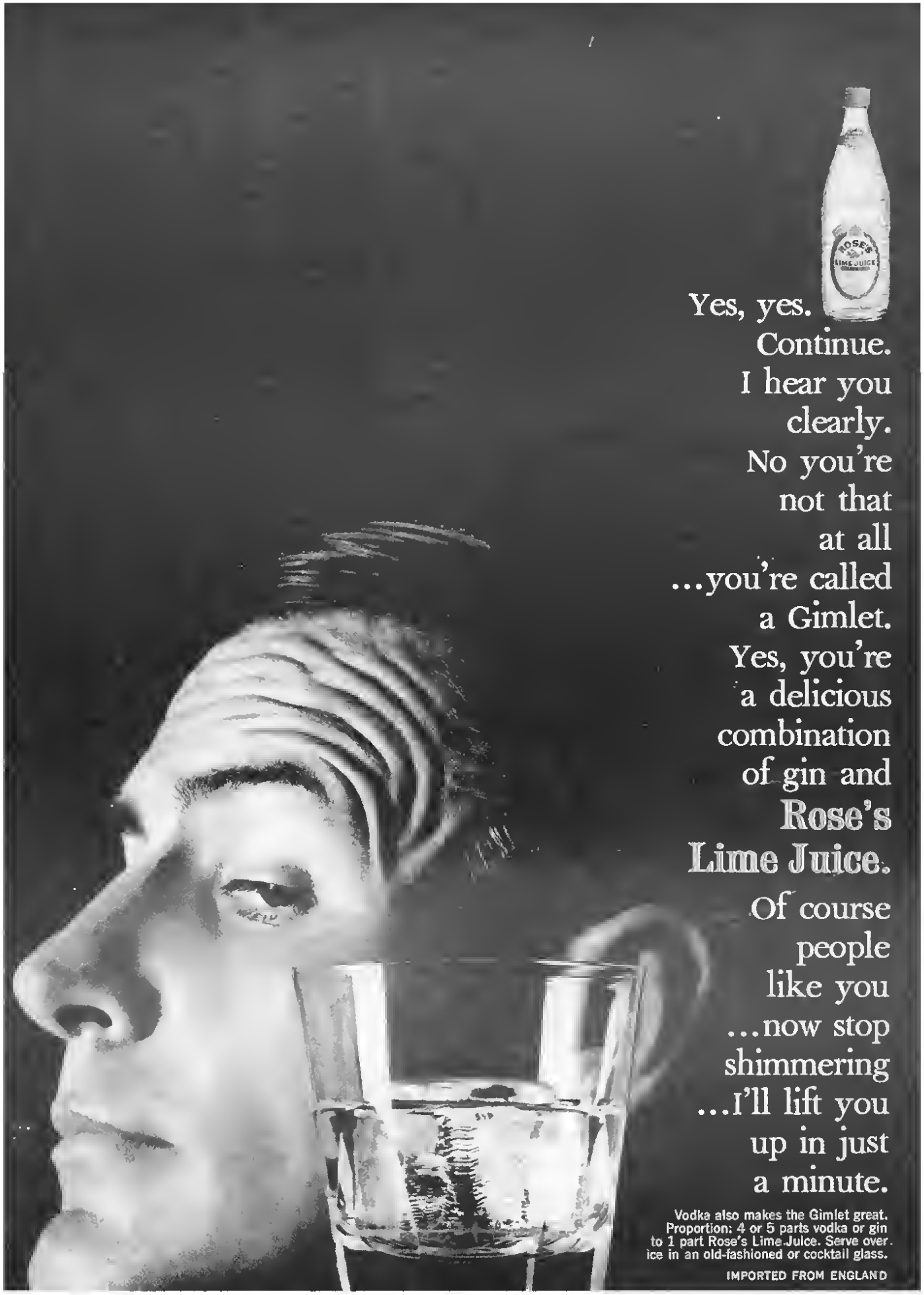
Business in the Walking Horse profession has fallen off drastically as a consequence of your articles (SI, Jan. 11, Feb. 22) and some follow-up pieces in the Nashville papers. The trainers and exhibitors are really becoming desperate. The few of us around here who are genuinely upset about the plight of the Walking Horse feel no sympathy for the poor business that their tormentors are suffering. If financial pinch is the only path to reform, then that path must certainly be followed.

Several years ago this society spent much time and energy on the Walking Horse problem. Humane work in Tennessee is an uphill proposition. We did manage to intimidate and irritate some Walking Horse men by attending shows and pretending to inspect. Local veterinarians are reluctant to give us assistance. We tried to import one from Kentucky, with all expenses paid, but he was scared, too. We were encouraged when a Tennessee law was passed, which in theory would protect the Walking Horse. However, it is too weak a law, and in any case has never been invoked as far as I know. Recently we learned, shortly before your first article appeared, that the abuses of the Walking Horse continued unabated and with increased skill of concealment.

A representative of the Humane Society of the U.S. in Washington flew to Nashville last week to accompany me to a gathering of Walking Horse trainers and exhibitors in Shelbyville. This was not a meeting of the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association, but a group of dissenters. They were protesting the new rule requiring the hinged boot. Abuses constituted a big part of this meeting. There were many protestations of innocence, many promises to do better (in spite of the prevailing claim that conditions were above reproach). Three men did have the courage to rise and state the true situation with the Walking Horse. They were not popular. The Humane Society of the U.S. is prepared to attack the problem and will send people again, including an out-of-state veterinarian.

Today's *Nashville Tennesseean* contained a statement of warning by Governor Ellington to the Walking Horse profession. He went on record as saying that, if the present law is not sufficient to control the abuses, then the legislature would provide a stronger measure.

MRS. WALTER SHARP, Secretary
Nashville Humane Association
Nashville


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Yes, you're
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up in just
a minute.
Vodka also makes the Gimlet great.
Proportion: 4 or 5 parts vodka or gin
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Pat on the Back



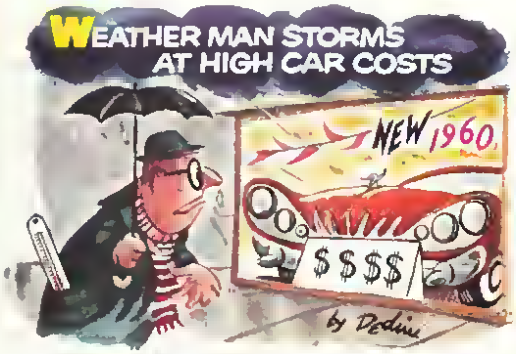
INDIAN HILL CURLING RINK

'Our chances were 32 to 1'

When these four members of the Indian Hill country club in Winnetka, Ill. formed a curling rink last fall their prospects of winning the women's national championships were lukewarm if not ice-cold. Only two of them (*pictured left to right above*), Mrs. Donald Jones and Mrs. Hughston McBain, had curled together before, Mrs. Gilbert Scribner's experience was relatively limited and Mrs. Clarence Jones, though a 10-year-veteran, was an emergency substitute for a member who became ill. But lukewarm determination was not the mark of the Indian Hill rink. Electing Mrs. Donald Jones as their skip, *i.e.*, captain, they practiced hard, then picked up their brooms the other day and went purposefully off to the bonspiel at Highland Park, Ill., a Chicago suburb.

The competition that met them was fierce. Of the 4,000 U.S. women who curl, a select 128—from such cities as Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and St. Paul—were in Highland Park. "We figured our chances," said Mrs. McBain, "at 32 to 1."

Yet slowly and systematically the Indian Hill team moved through the ranks of rinks, on the fourth day were squared off against acquaintances from nearby Skokie, Ill. For Skokie the three-hour final game was a wearying experience. But for Indian Hill it was exhilarating: the score made them U.S. champions by one point. "I'm too dazed to say anything," said Mrs. Donald Jones anyway. Said Mrs. Clarence Jones (no kin) with more self-possession: "I haven't been so thrilled since I was married."



"Thunderation!" cried the weather man "The 1960 prices of my *low-priced* car are high as a hurricane's eye, and it's as big as a blimp I predict a sudden change "



So he cast his weather-eye over one of the new foreign-size U. S. cars, but ran smack into a law ceiling "Run up the small craft warnings!" he cried. "It's a twister!"



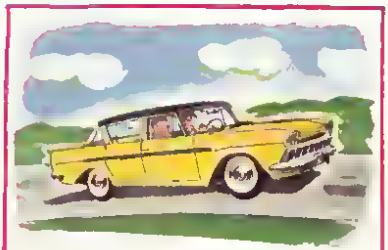
Then, quick as lightning, this thought flashed through his mind: "What I need," said he, "is the only car with the best of both—big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease."



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He found Rambler's ride as gentle and quiet as a billowy cloud, parking a breeze. "And there's room inside for six big forecasters complete with high barometers," he said.



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